January 2014

Salt

The Art & Soul of Wilmington

The Evening Walk

by Virginia Holman

Our Memoir Contest Winner

The Claude Howell Diaries

Lost Writers of the Cape Fear

WILMINGTON'S WATERFRONT SPECIALIST

Fine Homes

WWW.VANCEYOUNG.COM

102 Forest Hills Drive · Forest Hills

Grand foyer, high ceilings and an updated kitchen with a detached garage apartment. **$599,000**

1601 Dye Place · Landfall

Charleston-style brick home on a quiet cul-de-sac , modern amenities, steps from Dye Clubhouse. **$649,000**

1220 Arboretum Drive · Landfall

Cape Cod inspired residence nestled among hardwoods overlooking Pete Dye Golf Course (#7). **$739,900**

2005 Scrimshaw Place · Landfall

Spectacular home combines traditional elegance and extensive architectural details **$1,069,000**

613 Dundee Drive · Landfall

One of a kind classic design located at the headwaters of Howe Creek in Highlands of Landfall **$1,450,000**.

6422 Westport Drive · Shandy

Low country inspired - sited under stately oaks with intracoastal views. 6200 sq. ft. plus a 30' boat slip. **$1,395,000**

2033 Balmoral Place · Landfall

Light-filled craftsman-style residence with 215 feet of water frontage on Howe Creek. **$1,495,000**

2885 Sloop Point Loop Road · Hampstead

15 acres equestrian facilities – 5100 sq. ft. main residence, fenced pastures, riding trails, Virigina Creek. **$1,800,000**

32 W. Henderson · Wrightsville Beach

Sunset views of Banks Channel! Huge covered porch, roof top deck with pier and boat slip **$2,195,000**

2320 Ocean Point Drive · Landfall

Modeled after famous seaside Portugese Inn, 5000 sq. ft. residence sits on intracoastal waterway with double porches to watch the glorious sunrise. **$2,495,000**

2001 Balmoral Place · Landfall

Overlooking the headwaters of Howe Creek, this magnificent masterpiece captures the serenity of a tidal marsh with expansive views from this double lot. **$3,375,000**

1225 Great Oaks Drive · Landfall

One of Landfall's best addresses – over 1 ½ acres overlooking Intracoastal Waterway. Coastal craftsman designed residence, detached guest house. **$3,450,000**

VANCE YOUNG

WWW.VANCEYOUNG.COM

Intracoastal REALTY CORPORATION

Experience the Exceptional

VANCE YOUNG
BROKER/REALTOR®
OFFICE: 910.232.8850

A WALK THROUGH WEDDING ROW

COURTYARDS & COBBLESTONES

WILMINGTON, NC

SATURDAY JANUARY 18, 2014

4:00PM TO 8:00PM

COURTYARDS & COBBLESTONES IS AN EVENT DESIGNED TO SHOWCASE HISTORIC WEDDING VENUES AND WEDDING PROFESSIONALS ON A DOWNTOWN WILMINGTON SELF GUIDED TOUR.

LET US HELP YOU PLAN YOUR SPECIAL DAY.
TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE.

ADMISSION $18 ONLINE, $25 AT THE DOOR

REEDS Jewelers

SPONSORED BY:

Pressed COTTON
GOODS for GATHERINGS

COURTYARDSANDCOBBLESTONES.COM

Pick up your copy of

Salt
MAGAZINE

at these fine distribution points:

9 Restaurant
Achieve Medical Weight Loss
All American Mattress and Furniture
aMuse Artisanal Finery
Andrews Consilting Firm
Antiques of Old Wilmington
Armstrong's Amish Furniture
Artisan Design Company
Arts Council
Atlantic Spas & Billiards
Aqua Fedora
Best Western
Blockade Runner
Bloke Apparel
Brunswick Forest Sales Center
Bryant Real Estate
Cameron Art Museum
Cape Fear Academy
Cape Fear Hospital
Cape Fear Literacy Council
Cape Fear Museum
Causeway Cafe
Certus Bank
Chamber
Chops Deli
Compass Pointe
Cool Sweats
Cousins Deli
Crabby Chic
Crescent Moon
Doggie By Nature
En Vie
Eye Care Center
Envision Mortgage Corp
Fabric Solutions
Ferguson Bath Kitchen and Lighting
Figure Eight Yacht Club
First Bank Branches
First South Bank
Fisherman's Wife
Flying Pi
Fortunate Glass
Gallery of Oriental Rugs
Gentlemen's Corner
Glo Med Spa
Hampton Inn
Hilton Garden Inn
Hilton Riverside
Holiday Inn
Homewood Suites
Howard's RV Center
Intracoastal Realty
Java Dog
Jesters Café
Julia's Wilmington's Premier Florist
Kenan Auditorium
Landfall Realty
Laney Real Estate
Literacy Council
Little Dipper
Lou's FlowerWorld
Magnolia Greens
Manifest
Monkees
Moravian Church
Muirfield Townes at Echo Farm
Nest Fine Gifts & Interiors
NHRMC Auxillary Room
NHRMC Old Cape Fear
Occasions
Olympia Greek Restaurant
OmniStar Financial
Palm Garden
Paradigm Hair Salon
Peacock Alley
Polka Dot Palm
Pomegranate Books
Port City Java Cafes
Premier Properties
Protocol
Residence Inn Wilmington Landfall
Salon Fringe
Salt Office
Salt Works
Shell Island
Station One
Stevens Hardware
Summit Plastic Surgery & Dermatology
Sweet and Savory
Thalian Association
Thalian Hall Center for Performing Arts
The Children's Museum
The Fisherman's Wife
The Ivy Cottage
The Shop at Seagate
Two Sisters Bookery
The Transplanted Garden
The Village Market
Thrill of the Hunt
UNCW offsite office
Village Market
Wilmington Visitor's Buraeu
Waterford Sales Center
Wells Fargo
Wine and Design
Wrightsville Beach Museum
Wrightsville Beach Visitors Center

Salt
MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2, NO. 1

221 N. Front Street, Suite 201
Wilmington, NC 28401
910.833.7159

Jim Dodson, Editor
jim@saltmagazinenc.com

Andie Stuart Rose, Creative Director
andie@saltmagazinenc.com

Ashley Wahl, Senior Editor
910.833.7159 · ashley@saltmagazinenc.com

Judi Hewett, Graphic Designer

Kira Schoenfelder, Graphic Designer

Lauren Shumaker, Graphic Designer

Sara King, Proofreader

Mary Novitsky, Proofreader

CONTRIBUTORS

Susan T. Block, Tom Bryant, Susan Campbell, Frank Daniels III, Clyde Edgerton, Jason Frye, Virginia Holman, Ann Ipock, Sandra Redding, Gwenyfar Rohler, Dana Sachs, Noah Salt, Lee Smith, Stephen E. Smith, Astrid Stellanova, Bill Thompson, Michael White

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Ned Leary, Rick Ricozzi, Mark Steelman, James Stefiuk, Ariel Keener, Bill Ritenour

David Woronoff, Publisher

ADVERTISING SALES

Diane Keenan, Sales & Circulation Director
(o) 910.833.7158 · (c) 910.833.4098
diane@saltmagazinenc.com

Tessa Young
518.207.5571 · tessa@saltmagazinenc.com

ADVERTISING GRAPHIC DESIGN
910.693.2469 · lauren@saltmagazinenc.com

©Copyright 2014. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

Salt *Magazine is published by* The Pilot LLC

THE PILOT

MICHELLE CLARK

WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH AGENT.COM

Intracoastal REALTY CORPORATION
Experience the Exceptional

Michelle Clark, ALHS, SFR
910.367.9767
mclark@intracoastalrealty.com

Linda Woods
Realtor®/Broker
910.233.8900

Kelly Strickland
Realtor®/Broker
910.612.6537

Susan Snider
Realtor®/Broker
910.622.4394

Carey Harris
Realtor®/Broker
910.233.4511

Wendy McElhinney
Realtor®/Broker
910.515.5495

With You Every Step Of The Way..

JANUARY 2014

Departments

6 Homeplace
By Jim Dodson

8 SaltWorks
The best of Wilmington

11 Front Street Spy
By Ashley Wahl

12 Stagelife
By Gwenyfar Rohler

14 Omnivorous Reader
By Stephen E. Smith

17 NC Writer's Notebook
By Sandra Redding

19 She Talks Funny
By Ann Ipock

21 Spirits
By Frank Daniels III

22 Lunch With A Friend
By Dana Sachs

24 Port City Journal
By Susan Taylor Block

28 Man on the Town
By Jason Frye

30 Salty Words
By Virginia Holman

33 Birdwatch
By Susan Campbell

34 Sporting Life
By Tom Bryant

37 Notes From the Porch
By Bill Thompson

70 Calendar
January happenings

74 Port City People
Out and about

79 Accidental Astrologer
By Astrid Stellanova

80 Papadaddy's Mindfield
By Clyde Edgerton

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY VIRGINIA HOLMAN

Claude Flynn Howell, "Nets and Ropes," 1977, Oil on canvas, 57 3/4 x 52 in., Purchased with funds from the North Carolina State Art Society (Memorial Fund)

Features

39 Bioluminescence
Poetry by Michael White

40 The Evening Walk
By Virginia Holman
As a beloved son departs, a world comes into view

44 Lost Writers of the Cape Fear
Bill McDonald was a storyteller, pure and simple

46 Continuing Education
Non-fiction by Lee Smith
Lou Crabtree was a rarity. Her love of writing was pure; her life, inspired

48 The Secret Life of Trolls
By Gwenyfar Rohler
The magical journey of an immigrant family and the dolls that saved them

52 Painting Invisible Me
By Jennifer Chapis
Winner of our first annual *Salt* Magazine Memoir Contest

54 The Family House
By Ashley Wahl
Meet the Allens. Their historic home in Winoca Terrace is a site of living history

64 Sally's Garden
By Gwenyfar Rohler
Where a world of potted ivies flourish, so, too, does the happy gardener

69 January Almanac
By Noah Salt
Growing and giving, and a touch of Ben Franklin for 2014

THE DUX® BED | HEADBOARDS | ACCESSORIES
FINE LINENS | DOWN

SURROUND YOURSELF IN SFERRA

DUXIANA®
ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY IN SLEEPING
DUXIANA.COM

at The Mews
280 NW Broad Street
Southern Pines, NC
910.725.1577

at Cameron Village
400 Daniels Street
Raleigh, NC
919.467.1781

Opulence
Of Southern Pines

at The Mews
280 NW Broad Street, Southern Pines, NC • 910.692.2744
at Cameron Village
400 Daniels Street, Raleigh, NC • 919.467.1781
OpulenceofSouthernPines.com

Serving The Carolinas & More For 18 Years ~ Financing Available

The New Year Me

By Jim Dodson

Two winters ago, while visiting for the holidays, my daughter, Maggie, made a point of asking me to get her up at the crack of dawn so she could go off to hot yoga class.

At that time I'd only vaguely heard the phrase "hot yoga class" around town, which conjured a charming picture in my mind of thoughtful people concerned about declining yak populations and freeing Tibet and other such noble enterprises sitting peacefully après group meditation in a peace circle on a warehouse floor or a redwood log in the forest drinking organic hot cocoa or maybe green tea, sharing cleansing quiet. Then again, I'm a 60-year-old broken-down golfer with a dodgy right knee from football donkey years ago who still limps around the golf course carrying his own bag for exercise and sometimes, weather permitting, walks to work.

"Happy to get you up," I said. "Hot yoga sounds like fun, especially if they give you hot cocoa."

She stared at me incredulously, as if I'd made an impolite yak mating noise.

"Dad, they don't give you hot cocoa. And I wouldn't exactly call hot yoga fun, though it *is* fabulous. I'm totally addicted to it — go twice a week back in New York. It's what keeps me sane."

"No hot cocoa?"

"No. But you really should try it. Seriously. The stretching alone would be great for that old athlete's body of yours. You'll feel so wonderful after you finish a session. And the place I'm going to here is such a beautiful space. They play gorgeous meditation music and place lavender-scented cloth on your head and massage your neck with relaxing oils at the end."

"Sounds great," I agreed. "I guess I can always buy my own hot cocoa afterward."

"So you'll go?"

"Absolutely."

"Wonderful. You'll thank me!"

But, alas, I didn't go. Over the next year, in the interest of exercising more and improving my health, I limped around the golf course a little more than usual and steadfastly avoided setting foot in the Taj Mahal of a health club where we belonged, simply because the multitudes of people exercising there — especially the old ones — were so frightening in their dedication to physical fitness. They wore headphones and huffed along on computerized treadmills and other machines that required a basic engineering degree to operate until they looked half-dead, at which point they mopped their brows and sauntered past flabby sometimers like me wearing a look of pure Teutonic smugness. And this was just the old ladies!

Back in the late 1960s and early 70s, when I blew out my right knee from idiotically stepping on a kicking tee while playing football, nobody except guys who pissed off the coach by sitting on their helmets during games or lonely aces who couldn't get a date if their own sisters invited them out went to the gym to actually exercise. The gymnasium wasn't at all cool except with body builder types who shaved their armpits and actually dated their sisters.

In the 80s, I played a great deal of pick-up basketball with college dudes ten years my junior, plus shortstop on two different fast-pitch softball teams. I also hiked in the mountains and ran a couple of 10K road races with a crazy girlfriend who ate tofu by the crate and planned to live forever. Trying to keep up with a skinny girlfriend with the approximate body fat of a Serengeti cheetah, I learned, is no fun at all. She literally left me somewhere around mile five and that was that — for romance and road racing.

In the 90s, I built my own house on a hilltop in coastal Maine, rebuilt old stone walls, planted stuff, chopped and stacked wood endlessly, and shoveled more snow than one man should probably have to shovel unless he's in a Soviet gulag in Siberia. I walked a golf course twice a week and even joined my first gym, which I belonged to for about three weeks, until I realized the

people reading *The Bridges of Madison County* on the Stairmaster machine and taking their own pulses actually liked going to the gym. Also, I didn't like being naked with strangers who loved to admire their toned bodies in full-length mirrors. Had the strangers been female, well, that might have been a different story.

Anyway, flash ahead 20 years — lots of chopping and walking and working like a convict in a garden, keeping me more or less in what I called "farmer shape" — to the winter day I finally took my daughter's advice and showed up at the yoga studio for something called "Warm Flow Yoga."

I was the first to arrive for class on the appointed Saturday morning and discovered the instructor was an attractive young gal named Lisa, who was so charming and blessedly fit, I was tempted to turn and bolt for the nearest Dunkin' Donuts.

Lisa quickly put my qualms to rest, placed me on a rented yoga mat, and explained that the purpose of yoga is to achieve a proper balance between the body and the spirit through various timeless meditational poses meant to exercise the body and liberate the dude within. Being a yoga rookie, I was advised to watch others as they performed the various traditional asanas (postures) and warm-ups and to "listen to my body" by doing only what I felt my old body could handle. "There's no right or wrong here," she emphasized. "Yoga is a learning process you must do at your own speed."

Seven women and one guy joined the class and immediately began stretching out. I started stretching out too, pretending I knew what I was doing, which I didn't, but rather liked doing anyway, greatly enjoyed in fact, especially watching all these fit middle-aged women in skimpy outfits warming up all around me in the candle-lit room with serene flute music coming from a Tibetan mountaintop. I vaguely wondered if this might be why they call it "hot yoga" but then the class started and all such worldly distractions disappeared as Lisa led the class though a host of flowing postures and breathing exercises meant to still the monkey in the mind, to free our spirits from past and present concerns, to find peace and sacredness of the moment, the simple act of being.

Truthfully, Warm Yoga nearly killed me at several points, especially when my dodgy right knee refused to cooperate on a difficult one-legged pose. But somehow, with Lisa's gentle guidance, I even got through most of the challenging poses, and by the time I was lying flat on my back during the final recovery period, breathing deeply and covered with sweat and relaxed as a steamed lasagna noodle, I truly realized why Maggie and 30 million other Americans find this ancient form of exercise so completely and utterly beguiling.

I'd completely forgotten about that final glorious touch — a soothing cool cloth smelling like my old lavender garden back in Maine, placed over the eyes. For a few lovely moments I was back in my old Maine garden, and in a bit of heaven.

I left the studio feeling like a new man with an old body that was eager to return as soon as possible.

With or without the hot cocoa at the end.

Contact editor Jim Dodson at jim@saltmagazinenc.com

Pelican Family Medicine

"We're here and we care"

Pelican Family Medicine is a small Family Medicine Clinic started in 2001 by Dr M. Samuel Armitage.

In 2006 we opened our Satelite Clinic, Pelican Family Medical Clinic, located at 204 South Walker in Burgaw.
In 2008 we opened our second Satelite Clinic at 5905 Carolina Beach Road in the Monkey Junction Area of Wilmington.
Since 2003 Dr Armitage has been joined by Cheryl Smith, FNP-C, Carrie Waters, PA, and Marian Guill, FNP-C

Our goal is to help you and your family achieve the best possible health.

We are a full service practice, dealing with pediatric care, adolescent medicine, women's health, adult medicine, preventive medicine, and geriatric care.

Dr Armitage has special interest in weight loss counseling, diabetic care and education, preventive care and health care screening, and the treatment of common dermatologic problems.

5429 Wrightsville Avenue
Wilmington, NC - Telephone (910) 792 -1001
(just east of Cape Fear Hospital with public transportation available)

Original Paintings & Prints

Shore to Shore ART GALLERY

10-2 OR BY APPOINTMENT MONDAY THRU SATURDAY
5423 WRIGHTSVILLE AVE • WILMINTON, NC 28403
910.616.1966 • SHORETOSHORELLC@YAHOO.COM

SaltWorks

Go Fish

The Cape Fear River Watch StriperFest is a two-day event designed to celebrate the Cape Fear fishery. On Friday, January 17, bid on fishing gear and tackle, beach vacations, adventure tours and more at the annual Auction and Banquet to benefit fishery restoration. Bring the family out for Education Day on Saturday, January 18, 10 a.m. – 2 p.m. Activities include Gyotaku (the Japanese art of fish printing), face painting, and a variety of hands-on fun. The Tag-and-Release tournament, same day, helps provide valuable information on the striped bass stock in the Cape Fear River. Data is collected on every fish caught, and sonic tags are inserted into striped bass to monitor their movements year-round. Tags, by the way, are auctioned off each year at the Banquet. The first fish to pass Lock & Dam No. 1 wins. Coastline Conference and Event Center, 501 Nutt Street, Wilmington. For tickets and more information, call (910) 762-5606 or visit www.capefearriverwatch.org.

Blues Boy King

B.B. King was working as a singer and DJ for a Memphis radio station when he first met electric blues pioneer T-Bone Walker. "Once I heard him for the first time," said B.B. of T-Bone, "I knew I'd have to have [an electric guitar] for myself. *Had* to have one short of stealing!" Since he started recording in the 1940s, legendary bluesman B.B. King has released over fifty albums. At age 88, he's still finger picking good, and he's scheduled to perform at Brunswick Community College on Saturday, January 11, 8 p.m. Tickets: $57–67. Odell Williamson Auditorium, Brunswick Community College, 50 College Road Northwest, Supply. Info: (910) 755-7416 or www.bccowa.com.

Bon-Bon Appétit

On a remarkably ordinary afternoon here at *Salt* Magazine World Headquarters, the staff decided that *now* was a good time to indulge in Shadow Springs Vineyard's Dark Shadow. (We were saving it for a special occasion, but in the spirit of a colleague's New Year's resolution, decided is was OK to "celebrate each moment.") *Carpe diem.* You can smell the dark chocolate as soon as the bottle opens. Experience similar sensations at the Wilmington Wine and Chocolate Festival, where regional vintners will tell you which wines to pair with the hand-dipped bon-bons, and what to drink with the chocolate-covered brittle. The Grand Tasting, which takes place Friday, January 31, 7–10 p.m., includes live entertainment by The Schoolboys band, a cash beer and cigar bar, and, of course, a delicious abundance of wine and you-know-what. Tickets: $45–50. The Marketplace is open Saturday, February 1, 11 a.m. – 7 p.m., and Sunday, February 2, 12–4 p.m. Consider bringing your sweetie for a little pre-Valentine's Day decadence. Admission: $15–20. Discounts available for groups, seniors, and military. Ditto children 6–12. Just don't tell them that the Dark Shadow wine tastes like chocolate-covered cherries. See website for a list of local and regional vendors. Coastline Conference and Event Center, 503 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: www.wilmingtonwineandchocolatefestival.com.

String and Verse Theory

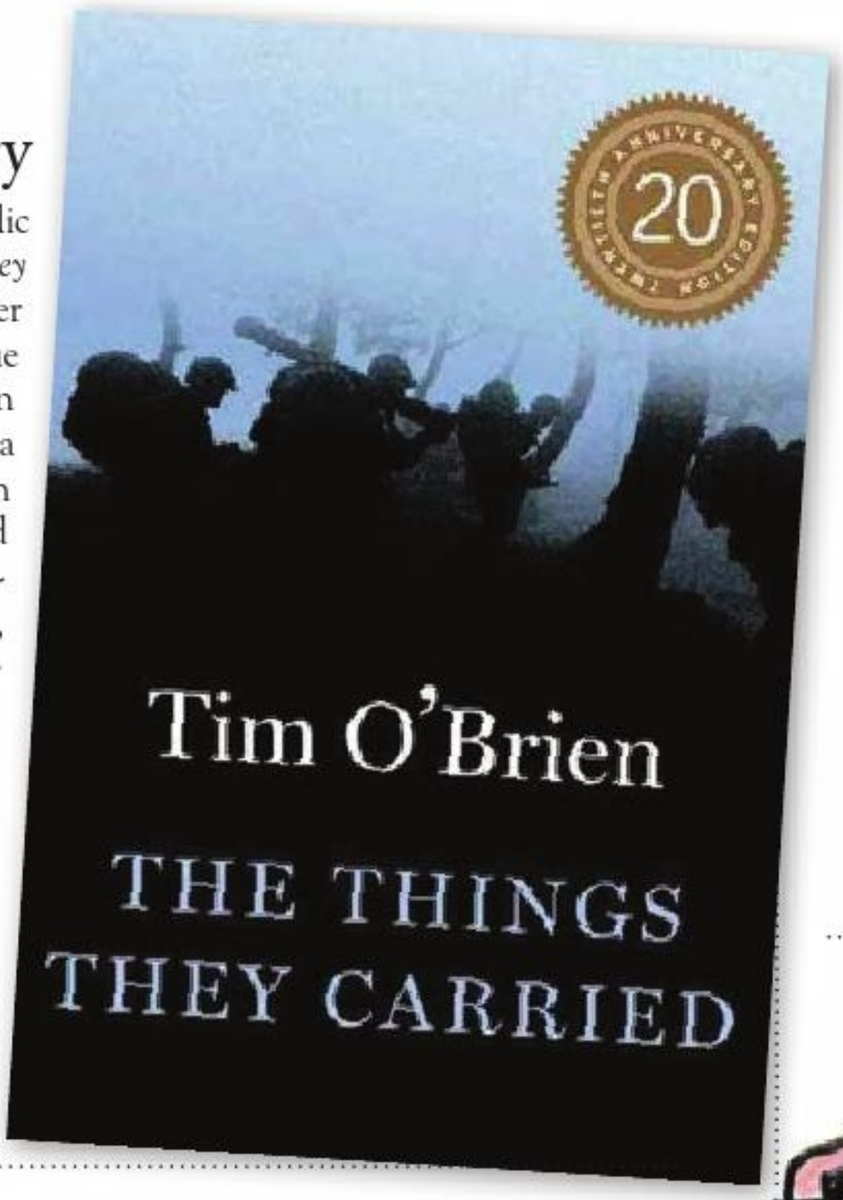
On Sunday, January 26, experience the music of Bartok, Gould, and Dvorak like never before: as an audible tapestry with the contemporary poetry of Mwatabu S. Okantah woven into it. Chamber Music Wilmington presents "Collage: Music and Poetry," a multi-discipline performance piece created by Kent State University's Poet-in-Residence and the Cavani String Quartet. As an added bonus, the quartet will feature Dvorak's "American String Quartet" and "Midnight Child" by American composer Charles Washington. Performance starts at 7:30 p.m. Tickets: $26. Student and active military discounts available. Beckwith Recital Hall, UNCW Cultural Arts Building, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 962-3500. Info: (910) 343-1079 or www.chambermusicwilmington.org.

Girl on Fire

Some call Ruthie Foster's music combustible. However you peg her electric fusion of soul, blues, rock, folk, and gospel – we call it inspired – you won't want to miss the chance to experience it live on Friday, January 24, at Thalian Hall. Foster, who was named Female Blues Artist of the Year at the Twentieth Annual Living Blues Awards in 2013, has collaborated with the likes of longtime Allman Brothers guitarist Warren Haynes, Colorado rocker Big Head Todd, and singer-songwriter Bonnie Raitt, who can play the slide guitar with the best of 'em. Prepare to be dazzled. Admission: $14–28. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org; www.ruthiefoster.com.

The Book You Carry

This month, in addition to two public book discussions of *The Things They Carried* by Tim O'Brien, Big Read Greater Wilmington events include a Prologue discussion with *Salt* contributor Nan Graham on Monday, January 13, 7 p.m., a keynote lecture with author Tim O'Brien on Wednesday, January 15, 7 p.m., and a screening of the award-winning documentary, *Vietnam Nurses*, on Wednesday, January 29, 4 p.m. See website for locations and complete schedule of events, and don't miss the student veteran's exhibit at Cape Fear Community College — same title as the book — which showcases physical items that students and employee veterans carried with them while deployed overseas. Exhibit runs until January 24. Info: www.thebigread-wilmington.com.



Willkommen in Deutschland

You know the story: Cliff Bradshaw meets Sally Bowles; a Jewish fruit vendor pursues a German boarding house owner with a pineapple; and, come to find out, the Kit Kat Klub is a metaphor for the state of Weimar Germany. See how City Stage does *Cabaret* Wednesday, January 2 through Sunday, January 5, and again Thursday, January 9 through Saturday, January 11, at Thalian Hall. Showtime: 8 p.m.; 3 p.m. (Sunday); Tickets: $25; $20 (Thursday). Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wimington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org.

The Wooden "O"

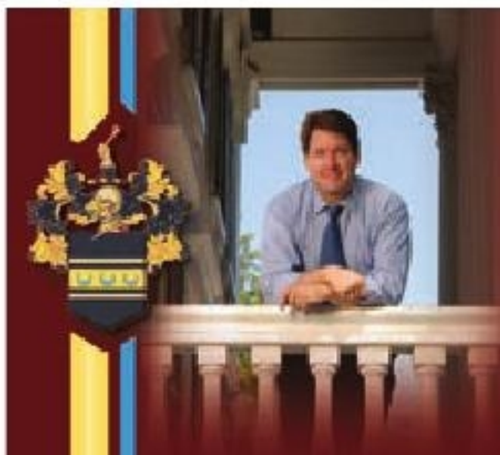
Resolve to spend a little more time with the Bard this year? Start here. On Thursday, January 2, 7:30 p.m., the Shakespeare Club presents *The Merchant of Venice* (2004) with, yup, Al Pacino as Shylock. Say hello to your drama-loving friends. Running time: 2 hours, 18 minutes. Admission: $8. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org.

Lace up with Ludwig

Wear a (Lud)wig and ascot to the Wilmington Symphony Beethoven 15K/5K at Brunswick Forest on Sunday, January 26, and you just might win a prize — even if you don't cross the finish line first. Costumes encouraged. Run with a musical instrument if you wish, but, please, no scissors. Event benefits the Wilmington Symphony and its youth education programs. Individual and four-person team entry categories available. Race time: 9 a.m. Brunswick Forest Fitness Center, 2701 Brunswick Forest Parkway, Leland. Registration: $45; $35. Info: www.wilmingtonsymphony.org/beethoven15k.html.

King for a Week

The M.L.K. Celebration Committee presents a week of festivities beginning Monday, January 13, including a gospel concert at Saint Stephen A.M.E. Church, car and bike show, banquet, soul food cook-off, and multi-culture night. The celebration culminates with the annual Martin Luther King, Jr. Memorial Parade, on Monday, January 20, noon, Downtown Wilmington. For more information and a complete schedule of events, visit www.mlkjrcelebration-senc10.com/schedule.htm.



Alexander Koonce

Intracoastal REALTY CORPORATION
Experience the Exceptional

910•509•1949 | cell: 910•233•7225 | 800•533•1840
www.alexanderkoonce.com

SALT GRASS Marsh Oaks

Rediscover Salt Grass at Marsh Oaks

New Homes from the mid 300's

Desirable location in established community
Decorated model open daily

- 3 & 4 bedroom plans, 2,500 - 3,500 sq. ft.
- Community amenities: clubhouse, pool, 2 tennis courts, playground and more!
- View all plans: www.AlexanderKoonce.com or call Alexander today to schedule a showing

◀ 628 Bellhaven

▼ 631 Bellhaven

7000 West Creeks Edge

Cove Point. This spacious home offers an open flowing floor plan with a grand 2 story foyer, 10 foot ceilings throughout the first floor and chestnut floors in all formal areas. The chef's kitchen offers top of the line stainless appliances, granite counters, custom cherry cabinets, and 2 walk-in pantries. First floor master suite includes a large bedroom, multiple walk-in closets, and oversized bath. The second floor offers an open playroom, 3 large bedrooms, 2 big baths, a walk-in cedar closet, and a huge walk-in attic. The back yard is your own secluded private oasis with pool, spa, and terraced patios surrounded by lush, mature palms. **$985,000**

1802 Hawthorne Road

South Oleander. Immaculately maintained home located in the sought after neighborhood of South Oleander. This low maintenance home, with all systems/features updated offers a large master down, 3 beds plus office/bonus space upstairs. It boasts hardwood floors throughout both levels, formal living room and dining room and a spacious wood paneled den with fireplace and sunroom which overlooks a lush and meticulously cared for yard. **$414,900**

EXPECT ROYAL TREATMENT
www.alexanderkoonce.com

1900 Eastwood Road • Suite 38 Lumina Station
Wilmington, NC 28403
zander@alexanderkoonce.com

palm garden
A Lilly Pulitzer® Signature Store
Mon-Sat 10-9, Sun 12-6
Mayfaire Town Center
6804 Main Street • Wilmington, NC • 910.256.9984
www.shoppalmgarden.com

polka dot palm
unique gifts. chic accessories. coastal decor.
8262 Market Street
910.319.7400 • 10am - 6pm
*Next to the Harris Teeter in Porter's Neck
Find us on Facebook!

Just Regular Folks

Friends and family, desperately seeking coffee

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES STEFIUK

By Ashley Wahl

It's near-freezing outside, but each time the door opens at Folk's, the space seems to grow warmer. Could be that the coffee beans are magic.

* *

On the corner of Twelfth and Princess, the aroma of sweet pastries and strong coffee permeates the frigid air as folks trickle in and out of the brick building with the hand-painted sign.

At Folk's Café, there are no strangers. Folks in ties talk with folks in coveralls. Book people talk with film people. Neighbors share the morning paper. Pull up a chair and see for yourself.

"This is like our extended living room," says Michelle Connolly, who is sipping cappuccino with fellow artist Jonathan Summit. "Juan and Tammy are like family."

* *

Ask Tammy Pacini how she and her husband, Juan, landed in Wilmington and she will tell you it was purely accidental.

"We were ready for a change," says Mamá Pacini, whose Spanish accent is thick as caramel syrup. When their oldest daughter, Paula, left California, Juan and Tammy followed. They were bus drivers on the West Coast and bought Folk's on a whim.

"This coffee shop was the best thing that's happened to us," says Mamá.

Paula works here, too. She's something of an expert on coffee, and can tell you, for example, that the Sumatra is harvested at over 4,000 feet above sea level.

On working with her parents: "My mom is my best friend."

* *

When Tammy sees Michelle Connolly or Jonathan Summit through the shop window, she immediately starts steaming milk.

Connolly, who is sifting through files of photographs from No Boundaries International Art Colony, says that she practically lives here.

"When I moved here from Sydney in 2007," she continues, "I was desperately seeking good coffee."

She found it at Folk's — "and I *know* good coffee," she insists.

The beans, which are roasted in house, are organic and fair trade.

"But it's not just about the coffee here," says the artist. These tables possess magnetic force.

* *

Frankie Roberts comes for what he calls morning inspiration — a "spirited dialogue" that happens when folks from different walks meet for coffee.

As Tammy serves up hot Sumatra — a strong, earthy java bubbling in a percolator that can handle a pound of coffee — conversation turns to the race divide beyond these café doors.

"We are living in a time warp in Wilmington," says Frankie, who takes his coffee with hazelnut cream and sugar. Frankie is a former barber with a calling. Get him to tell you why he helps folks who were formerly incarcerated.

"Praise him from whom all blessings flow."

Meanwhile, Full Belly founder Jock Brandis talks to an old friend about his newest project: a machine that creates roofing shingles from grocery bags.

"It's going to be the biggest Rube Goldberg device you've ever seen."

* *

On Sundays, when Folk's is closed, Juan stops by the shop and talks to the roasting machines, which are named for the grandkids: Baby Bella and Crazy Lucas.

If the beans aren't magic, surely they're roasted with love.

Had Jack sold the milk cow for a pound of them, his poor mother might have phoned the neighbors.

"Trade you a shorthorn for a cappuccino."

No golden eggs, no golden harp. Just good people sharing good coffee — the kind that warms the heart and stirs the soul.

Front Street may be home base, but senior editor Ashley Wahl is prone to wander.

Sketch-22

For young journeyman comedy writer Ryan Trimble, and members of the Pineapple-Shaped Lamps, it's showtime after midnight

By Gwenyfar Rohler

"No one cares about your writing as much as you do," notes Ryan P.C. Trimble, a sweet-faced imp whose youth belies his wisdom. "Ultimately your success or failure depends on you." He stops me cold with that home truth on an unseasonably warm sunny day in the courtyard of the Cotton Exchange. For one just out of college, Trimble seems to have a stronger understanding of that than writers I have met twice his age.

But Trimble's determination and tenacity far outstrip most mere mortals. He's already interned once at the Upright Citizens Brigade (UCB) in New York, twice at *Saturday Night Live* (*SNL*), and even spent half a year in France on a TV show called *Le Grand Journal*. Not bad for someone who can just barely legally drink.

"I email really well," Trimble says with a self-depreciating laugh when I ask how he managed all of this. These experiences have given him not only the vision, but the gumption to put together "The Ryan Trimble Writing Packet," as he refers to the frequently produced sketch compilations he has developed

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK STEELMAN

in an effort to attract attention to his work.

But part of why his statement surprises me so much is that Trimble's core essence is to support and encourage others. When you doubt yourself and your work, Trimble is the friend to have. High school chum Jordan Mullaney remembers re-uniting with Trimble at UNCW. After a year apart, they reminisced about their drama class in high school.

"Ryan was just like, 'Why aren't you performing? Of course you should be.'" Mullaney credits Trimble for going with her to join Pineapple–Shaped Lamps, the sketch comedy troupe that is launching *Sketch-22* on The CW Television Network this month. For Trimble, *Sketch-22* is a dream realized. To work on the genesis of a comedy sketch show is more than he hoped for. But it is what he has been steadily working toward. While interning in post-production at *SNL* re-editing episodes for syndication and Netflix, he discovered the archive of back shows. "You can watch any episode ever!" he nearly shouts, reliving the excitement. The archive even includes the fabled "Lost Season" of *SNL*. For Trimble, who wrote his first sketch comedy while in high school, it was like finding the Golden Fleece. He reflects upon that first sketch, "A Film Concerning the Issues Affecting Modern High Schoolers aka Picture for Schools," a 20-minute series of five sketches that he wrote and produced. Then, he puts a hand to his chest and flashes a beatific smile. "It was the ancestor of the writing packet."

But more than a wish fulfilled, access to the *SNL* archive was fertile training ground for the aspiring sketch writer. "I took improv classes in 2011 at UCB; then I worked there over summer 2012 as an intern." After a pause, Trimble reflects, "At UCB, interns got into any show for free and I would listen and ask questions." One technique UCB taught was "mapping," which means taking two ideas and mapping one atop the other. Of all of Trimble's sketches, perhaps the one that best illustrates this technique involves a questionable spam email situation mapped over a scene from Jane Austen. Hence two nice young ladies straight out of Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* receive letters that reflect the spam found in modern emails. "You put them over each other and connect the dots, then you take the idea, the first email where someone is posing as Mr. Bingly and gone on a trip to the Lake Counties . . . because we have all gotten that email and the next one about winning a trip, and then the male enhancement . . . each one heightens," Trimble laughs.

Consider the ridiculousness of Jane and Elizabeth Bennett trying to decipher what is happening to poor Mr. Bingley's mail box and his need to get Mr. McAfee to help him secure it better. The image of these two prim, innocent, unmarried Victorian ladies worrying over dear Mr. Bingley and his troubles — which they don't even understand — is a sidesplitting collision of very smart, highbrow humor and very base topics. Trimble wrote the scene for his dear friend, Mullaney, to perform. He was missing her and their creative work together while in France and wrote this one night during a break at his job for *Le Grand Journal*.

Trimble shifts from nostalgia to full-bore excitement on the turn of a dime. "The TV show is going to be insane!" he says. "The writing packet took me two-and-a-half months to do one twenty-minute thing. We have to produce a new show every week." He shakes his head in disbelief.

"We have been filming stuff and we have a backlog of a bunch of sketches," he acknowledges. "Holly [Cole] has been putting together rundowns for the shows." Cole serves as PSL's executive director and has spearheaded the effort to get the show on The CW. All fifty members of PSL voted on the proposal before they signed the contracts and now, as the saying goes, "It's showtime!" Tune in at 2 a.m. on Saturday nights on The CW. *Sketch-22* promises to be as smart and ridiculous as two Victorian ladies talking about mail-order brides.

Gwenyfar Rohler fell in love with theater at Thalian Hall on her sixth birthday. She spends her days managing her family's bookstore on Front Street.

"Life-transforming ideas have always come to me through books."
-bell hooks

Pomegranate Books
Resources for a Fruitful Life

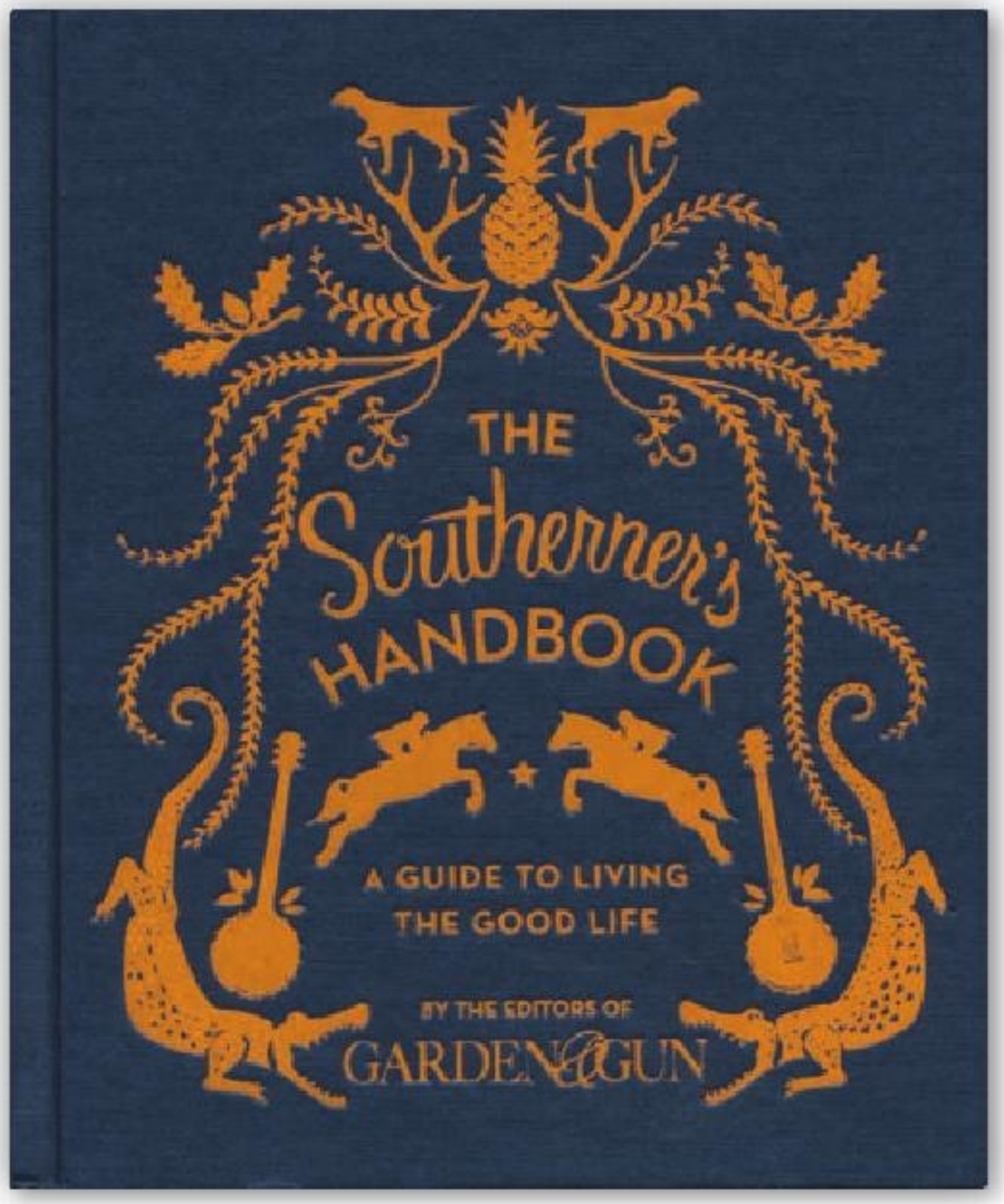
A carefully curated collection of literary and life enhancing titles for all ages, featuring locally made card and gift items.

4418 Park Ave
Wilmington NC 28403
910.452.1107
www.pombooks.net

THE BLOCKADE RUNNER RESORT & THALIAN ASSOCIATION
PRESENT
Let's Face the Music-
The Great American Songbook
January 19, 2014
Blockade Runner Resort, Wrightsville Beach
Cocktails 6 pm
Dinner & Cabaret Show 7:00 pm
$35 Prix Fixe Dinner
$25 Cover Charge
(to benefit Thalian Association & Thalian Association Children's Theater)
Reservations suggested 910.256.2251
Live Auction to benefit Thalian Association & Thalian Association Children's Theater
Mountain Getaway located in Zionia, a gated community between Boone and Blowing Rock, NC. Spend a relaxing week in a beautifully privately owned home with all the amenities for a memorable stay including surround sound system, indoor pool, fully furnished kitchen, period furnishings, and much more!

True South

A new guide to "living the good life" down South by the editors of Garden and Gun *is fun, informative and probably meant for your Yankee cousins*



By Stephen E. Smith

I've been reading haughty, self-conscious books about Southern eccentricities since, well . . . , since I learned to read, and I can assure you there's not enough real estate in this magazine — or in all the magazines I've ever read — to separate the good books from the bad, the useful from the chaff. If you're new to the South and you don't want to spend the remainder of your natural life contemplating the subtleties of various barbecue sauces, there are a couple of necessary literary selections you should have at your fingertips.

The first is *The Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*, a 1,600-page compendium that's an absolute necessity for any library. And the second is *To Kill a Mockingbird*, a work of fiction that transcends much of our literature, Southern or otherwise (certainly *Absalom, Absalom!* belongs on the list, but Faulkner can be a dark and troubling read for the neophyte). If books won't suffice, you'll find TV programs such as *Duck Dynasty*, *Swamp People* and, God help us, *Honey Boo Boo*, and there are a surfeit of magazines, websites, broadsides, monographs, pamphlets, plays, recordings, films and obliging storytellers to assuage your curiosity.

So it was with some trepidation and not a little weariness that I picked up the latest volume dedicated to who and where we are: *The Southerner's Handbook: A Guide to Living the Good Life* by the editors of *Garden and Gun*, a bimonthly, Charleston-based lifestyle magazine that offers articles on travel, sporting life, food, music, the arts and literature.

Before you slap down $17 for this 300-page guide, be advised that it's exactly as advertised; it's a handbook and doesn't necessarily lend itself to a compelling cover-to-cover read. But if you're seeking a rudimentary knowledge of the finer points of Southern living, such as the uses of seersucker, white bucks, cowboy boots, hats, lemonade, party punch, mint juleps, bourbon, ticks, trout, frogs, alligators, snakes, kudzu, Southern dialects, the blues, hunting, fish batter, fried chicken, hot biscuits, sausage gravy, desserts, ramps, grits, okra, cast-iron skillets — the usual detritus — you'll find expositions sufficient to satisfy your needs.

The handbook opens with an epigraph by our own Clyde Edgerton and an introduction by David DiBenedetto, the editor of *Garden and Gun*, and is then divided into six parts — Food, Style, Drink, Sporting and Adventure, Home & Garden, and Arts and Culture. Most of the articles are unattributed, generally middlebrow, and presented with a touch of cheekiness, which seems to acknowledge the impossibility of breaking down the South into its component parts.

If, for example, you're considering establishing a hennery in your yard — these days Southerners are back to raising cluckers in town as well as in the country — the handbook offers a few thousand words on yardbirds. Under the subheading "What About the Lawn?" you'll discover this useful suggestion: "Chickens are going to scratch, so you can surrender a corner of your yard or invest in a mobile coop. A coop on wheels keeps the flock from wearing out one spot, plus it helps spread natural fertilizer all around. 'Chickens are just pooping *machines*,' Lagare-Floyd says. 'And the grass is always greener where they've been. Their poop is amazing fertilizer.'"

If you're a Southerner, you'll probably say, "Hey, I already knew that!" But transplants from Seattle, San Diego or West Palm Beach might find the suggestion helpful. And the same level of instruction is available for growing tomatoes, collecting antique linens, gardening, constructing a rope swing, making a wreath, shining silver and so forth.

The more abstract entries are written by authors whose names you might recognize. Roy Blount Jr. discourses on telling a great story, man vs. weed

and sipping whiskey; Julia Reed on throwing the ultimate party; Jonathan Miles on drinking like a Southerner; Jack Hitt on the beauty of cooking a whole hog; John T. Edge on why Southern food matters; and Daniel Wallace on the great Southern novel, rules of the road trip, and Southernisms.

A couple of entries are both informative and memorable. Dominique Browning's "Memories of a Southern Home" will awaken recollections for anyone raised in the South. "There was always someone rocking on a deep porch, and wide hallways gave on to staircases that led to upper floors . . . . The house was old and held a family's history in its rooms . . . ." And Ace Atkins' "The Truth about Robert Johnson and the Devil" traces the oft-repeated legend about the crossroads encounter back to its source. When visitors come seeking the ghost of the archetypal blues-man, Atkins tells them the truth: "I talk about public records and the venereal-disease statistic of the Great Depression, but no one wants to hear it. They want to know about Johnson's life as heard through his eerily tuned guitar and the voice of a man who walked with hoodoo stones in his passway, side by side with the devil, just long enough to tell his tale. It's a good story, if not a true one."

Most of the recipes in the "Food" section are Mama Dip simple, but I would caution readers to sample the fare before inviting guests over for dinner. The instructions for "Perfect Fried Chicken," which I tried, are especially suspect, and "Great Grits" recipe is a victim of hyperbole. (Hey, buy the good grits, follow the cooking directions and top them with a flavorful spice or topping. Simple enough.) And if the recipes for kudzu sound good to you, have at it.

Although the editors included an excellent entry on how to "Catch and Pick a Blue Crab," they don't offer a recipe for making crab cakes, a must in any Southern coastal kitchen. I grew up on the Eastern Shore of Maryland — a backwater as Southern as Mississippi — and here's how you do it.

Catch, steam and pick the crabs yourself. Do not use pasteurized supermarket crabmeat that has no taste. If the crabs don't kick, don't cook. The meat must be fresh; otherwise, it can kill you. Sprinkle in breadcrumbs, mix in a little beaten egg, sautéed onions and shape into cakes. Salt and pepper to taste. Fry them slowly in butter until golden brown. Chomp away. Like everything in the South, it's simple, delicious, and maybe a little dangerous.

Stephen E. Smith's most recent book of poems is A Short Report on the Fire at Woolworths. *He can be reached at travisses@hotmail.com.*

When you're looking for that perfect waterfront home, you need an agent who's not just getting his feet wet.

As a native son of the area, Broker/Realtor, Lee Crouch has been exploring the unique surroundings of Wilmington, Wrightsville Beach and the Intracoastal Waterway since childhood. For 26 years, he has put that local knowledge into listing, marketing and selling beach and waterfront properties. Lee has built his reputation on a lifetime of experience and years of customer satisfaction.

110 Skystasail Drive
Walter Sprunt Home - Shandy Point - circa 1920
"Greenville Manor"
$1,695,000

101 Edgewater Lane
Gorgeous Home with boat slip.
Edgewater
$1,350,000

6400 Westport Drive
Wilmington
Fabulous custom traditional home
Boat slip in protected marina
$995,000

316 Beach Road North
Figure Eight island
Ocean Front, open floor plan, private lot
$2,295,000

Intracoastal
INTRACOASTALREALTY.COM

Lee Crouch as a young boy preparing for a sailboat race. Wrightsville Beach, circa 1968

BROKER 25 Years REALTOR

Lee Crouch

LEE CROUCH
Waterfront Specialist

523 Causeway Drive, Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina 28480
www.leecrouch.com **800.533.1840** or **910.512.4533** *leecrouch@intracoastalrealty.com*

Writer's Notebook

By Sandra Redding

How to Entice a Publisher

Savvy writers find novel ways to attract publishers. After Clyde Edgerton completed *Raney*, his first book, he wrote Louis D. Rubin, co-founder of Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill. Rubin loved baseball. If Rubin would agree to read his novel, Edgerton promised to send a prized autographed baseball along with the manuscript. Rubin published the novel . . . and sent back the baseball.

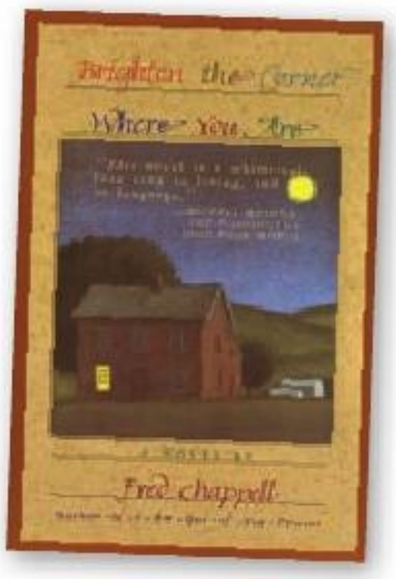
Edgerton's twelfth book, *Papadaddy's Book for New Fathers: Advice to Dads of All Ages*, was published last spring.

Why not give Edgerton's method a try? If your genre is history, promise a relic. If you're a poet, send a nightingale. Write mysteries? Maybe a pistol will get the publisher's attention. Romance? Use your own imagination for that one.

Sadly, Rubin died last November. He was 89. A revered teacher, first at Hollins, and later, Chapel Hill, he wrote numerous books and mentored several prominent North Carolina writers, including Jill McCorkle and Edgerton. He will be missed.

Author! Author!

"We walked along the crackling road. Those winter mornings were so cold that I felt I would ring like an anvil if my father touched me." Thus begins Fred Chappell's lyrical novel, *Brighten the Corner Where You Are*.



What a wonderfully evocative description of winter. But when the weather turns frosty, I'll be inside reading two January releases recommended by Terry Kennedy, poet and associate director of the UNC-Greensboro Creative Writing Program: Drew Perry's, *Kids These Days* and Sarah Addison Allen's latest novel, *Lost Lake*.

Kids These Days is book number two for Perry, who teaches writing at Elon University. His Meet & Greet schedule includes five appearances in January, two in Greensboro: O.Henry Hotel, Greensboro (January 26, 5 p.m.) and UNCG Visiting Writers Series, Greensboro (January 30, 8 p.m.)

Allen, from Asheville, is noted for the wizardry she weaves with magic realism. Her four previous novels possess a strong sense of place combined with whimsical characters that charm their way into readers' hearts. If this one follows suit, it will be another winner.

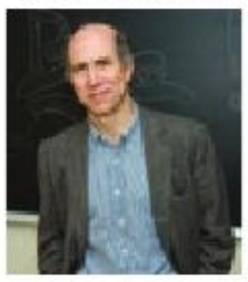
Winning the Game

Writing contests are more abundant than snowflakes in January, so polish up your prose and poetry pages. The submission deadline for the 2014 North Carolina Poetry Society Adult Contest is January 10. Check out ncpoetrysociety.org for descriptions of the ten categories offered and guidelines for entering. Winning poems will be published in *Pinesong*; poets will read their prize-winners at the May Awards Day held at Weymouth Center in Southern Pines.

The North Carolina Writers' Network (NCWN) requires submissions to the Rose Post Creative Nonfiction Competition to be postmarked January 17. The deadline for the Thomas Wolfe Fiction Prize is January 30. Info: ncwriters.org.

Making Sense

For twenty-five years, the Visiting Writers Series (VWS) at Lenoir Ryne University in Hickory has lived up to its mission statement: "We believe the beauty and power of words help us make sense of the world." The 2014 lineup is packed with beauty and power: Belle Boggs, LRU's Spring Visiting Writer in Residence and short story writer, on January 16; Isabelle Wilkerson, the first African-American woman to win a Pulitzer Prize in journalism, on February 20; Joseph Bathanti, poet, novelist and professor, on March 6; Sherman Alexie, poet and filmmaker, on March 27; and Mary Pope Osborne, children's book author, on April 5. All events are free and open to the public. Info: visitingwriters.lr.edu.



"A thing may happen and be a total lie; another thing may not happen and be truer than the truth."

From The Things They Carried *by Tim O'Brien. O'Brien will be reading at UNC Wilmington on January 15, 7 p.m.*

Writer Wisdom

Each month this page will include advice from an established North Carolina writer. In February, words from a live scribe will be published, but this time we dipped into the past.

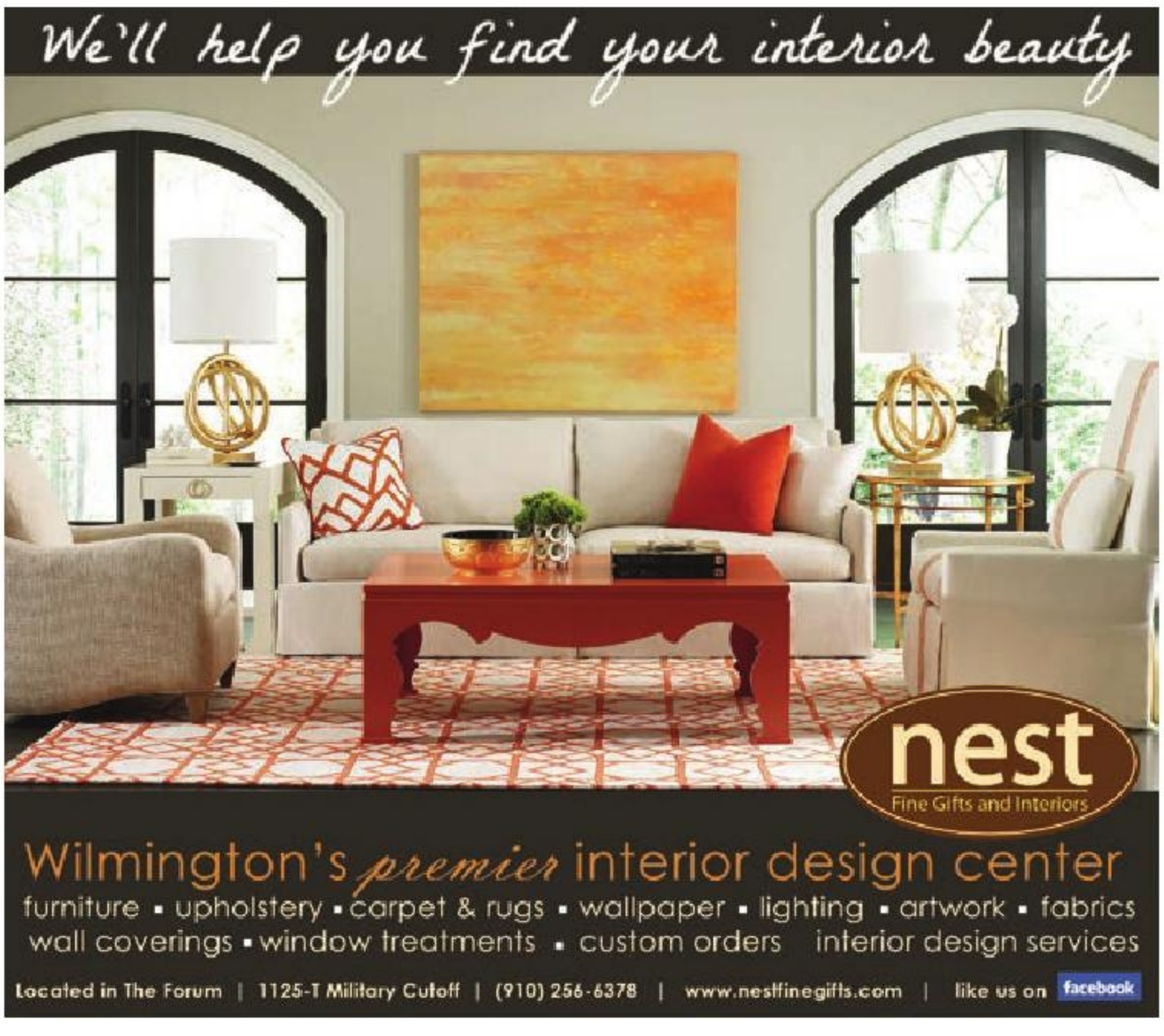
Burton Raffel, who selected and wrote the introduction to *41 Stories by O.Henry*, states that this popular writer, born as William Sydney Porter right here in North Carolina, "taught himself to turn mundane material into magical fiction." O.Henry's secret was persistence. During one 30-month period, he wrote and sold a short story every week.

So, gaze at the stars or walk in the woods for inspiration, but don't let your keyboard get dusty. Follow O.Henry's example. Keep writing; keep loving to write.

We need your help. Which living North Carolina writer would you like to see featured in Writer Wisdom? Have you recently published a book or won a writing prize? Is your group or organization sponsoring a contest or planning a conference? What's your favorite writing retreat? Keep us informed of literary happenings in your corner of the state. Send to sanredd@earthlink.net.

Greensboro writer Sandra Redding's first novel, Naomi Wise: A Cautionary Tale, *has just been published.*

BIG RIVER
January 30-February 9, 2014
Thursday-Saturday 8 pm Sunday 3 pm Thalian Hall
310 Chestnut Street thalian.org 910.632.2285
$30 with Senior & Group Discount Thrifty Thursday Performances $15
OFFICIAL COMMUNITY THEATER
1788
THALIAN association
NORTH CAROLINA


We'll help you find your interior beauty
nest
Fine Gifts and Interiors
Wilmington's premier interior design center
furniture • upholstery • carpet & rugs • wallpaper • lighting • artwork • fabrics
wall coverings • window treatments • custom orders interior design services
Located in The Forum | 1125-T Military Cutoff | (910) 256-6378 | www.nestfinegifts.com | like us on facebook

Exceptional People and Properties

647 Sea Castle

Well maintained 3 bedroom brick home features open floor plan plus an extra bonus room and private back yard and quiet neighborhood. **$294,500**

1809 Hawthorne Road

Downsize to one floor without giving up space. High ceilings, lovely crown molding, beautiful hardwood and marble floors are just a few of this homes many features. **$399,000**

1200 N Lumina Avenue

3 BR 3 BA old style beach cottage at Wrightsville Beach. Zoned duplex with great rental history. **$699,000**

1622 Country Club Road

Home has 80 feet of frontage located on Cape Fear Country Club Golf course with expansive views. **$449,500**

Intracoastal REALTY CORPORATION
Experience the Exceptional

Direct (910) 509-7053
Mobile (910) 470-1260
Toll Free (800) 533-1840
Fax (910) 509-2144

EKing@IntracoastalRealty.com

Foot in Mouth

Sometimes words fail me – and should

By Ann Ipock

Sometimes I could use a filter between my brain and mouth. Things aren't too bad when I'm writing my columns. I can control that language. It's the everyday conversations where I speak before I think. Read on to see *the* most embarrassing thing I've ever said – in church, of all places.

First off, I'm not much for cussing (fussing, yes; cussing, no), and since I've been told that my columns sound exactly like I talk, it would hold true to my writing as well. It's not that I consciously try *not* to cuss (or curse, as some of my Northern friends say), but just as it's a habit *to* cuss, it must be a habit *not* to cuss. Now I won't lie and say I've never said a swear word – which is an old-timey expression that always strikes me as funny. On the rare occasion I've stepped on a bed of fire ants, uh, yeah, I've unleashed an impressive stream of them.

But it's like this: My husband works as a church administrator, and I'll be danged if I want to get him fired. I mean, somebody's gotta pay for my expensive shoe collection, right? And my parents are 85-year-olds, for gosh sake. They'd say, "Haven't we taught you better?" In addition, my daddy mails copies of *Salt* to every living relative I have over the age of 80, and they'd be a little put off as well.

Another thing: Our granddaughters are 12 and 8 years old. How can I expect them to grow up like perfect ladies if they hear their own grandma cussing like a sailor? Set an example, I often hear. Plus, I volunteer in Carly's school, reading my books, from time to time. So I've got to keep it clean for the second-graders. I guess I'm just too embarrassed to cuss.

So what if I'm called prudish, Pollyanna, and goody two-shoes – hey, the last one is the actual name of my publishing company, Goody 2 Shoes, so I don't mind being called that. But my parents were strict disciplinarians and they'd wash our mouths out with soap if we cussed. They'd also jerk a knot on us if we forgot to say "Ma'am" or "Sir" when being addressed by an elder.

Now I know some authors take greater liberties than I do in their writing. Take, for instance, Chelsea Handler. That's her business. I don't judge. If we were all alike, wouldn't life be boring? In other words, whatever floats your boat. Most of us writers are going to reach a certain audience and maybe that's the niche we've grown accustomed to. Whatever.

OK, now that I've given you a little insight into the way I do business, so to speak, I have to tell you a huge faux pas that I recently made. I realize I'm going out on a limb sharing it with you, 'cause once I tell everyone, it will no longer be my own little personal embarrassing secret. I've been accused of opening my mouth and inserting my foot before. But this time I opened my mouth, inserted both feet and nearly my entire body. I said something just plain old stupid, but it was too late. I couldn't take it back. (The truth is I've told this story to a few friends and some family. They've unanimously and vehemently insisted I share it with you.)

Rosalie and Dick are a nice couple at church whom we've become close with, and we almost always speak, usually after the service. We chit-chat about everything from the weather to our families to travel plans. But on this particular Sunday, I sat in the balcony with Katie, our daughter, and Michael, her husband. I noticed Dick, alone, also in the balcony. So I asked him where his wife was, and he said she'd been out of town for two weeks visiting their new grandchild. I congratulated him and mentioned that he'd lost some weight. I asked him if it was because Rosalie wasn't there cooking every night. He shrugged and said, no, he'd really been doing fine and he wasn't starving, for sure.

When the service was over I turned to him and said, "Well, tell your wife we missed her today and she better hurry home. Tell her I said you look like a skinny Dick to me." As soon as the words left my mouth, I realized what I'd said. I was mortified! Words suddenly failed me. But as soon as I see him again, I plan to pull my foot from my big mouth and sincerely apologize.

Ann Ipock is an award-winning Southern author, humorist and speaker whose books include the Life is Short *series. She may be reached at amipock@ec.rr.com.*

It's 2014. Do you have a Will?

CRAIGE & FOX PLLC

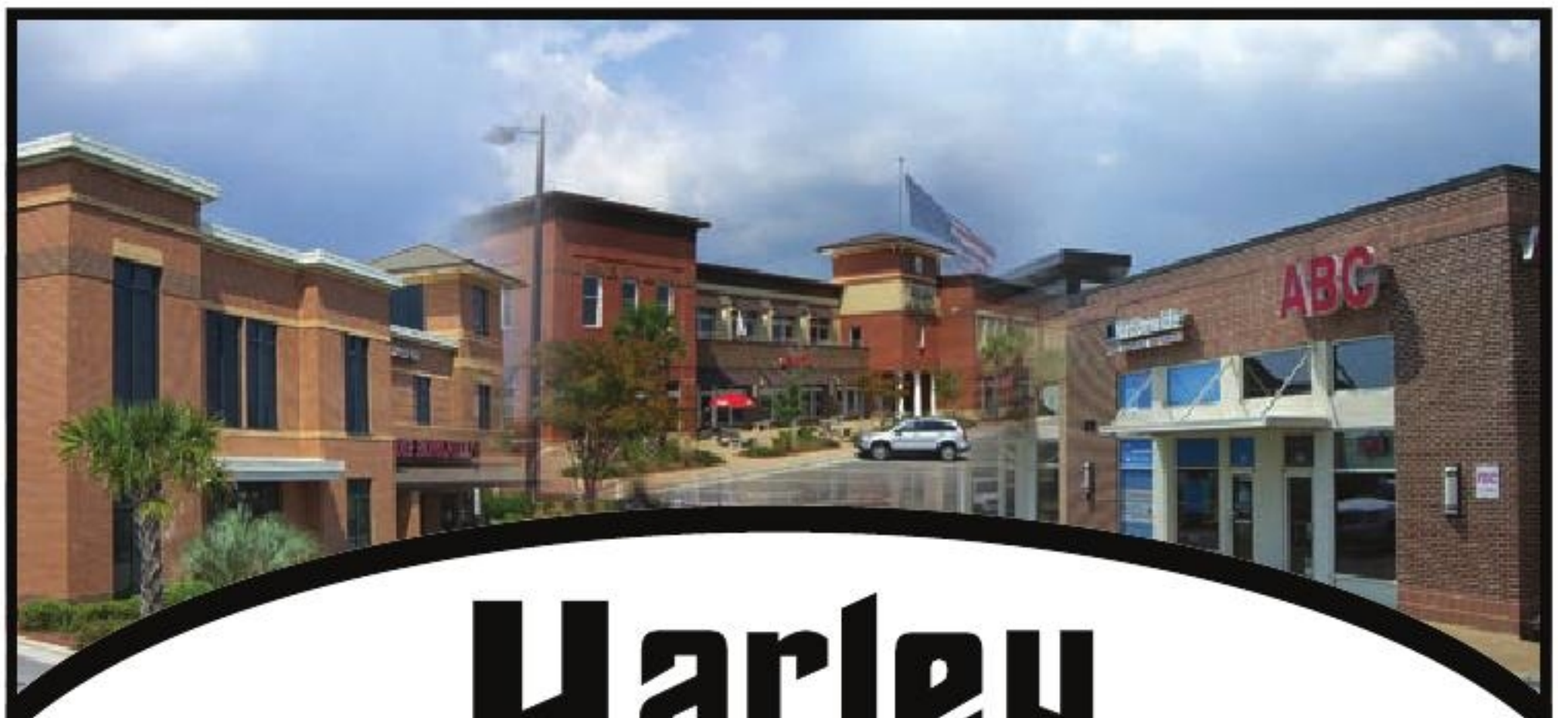
910.815.0085 ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW 910.815.1095

ESTATE PLANNING AND ADMINISTRATION

Lawrence S. Craige | Charlotte Noel Fox | Ashley Michael | Bonnie Mangum Braudway

Board Certified Specialist in Elder Law
Certified Elder Law Attorney

Certified Mediator -
Family Financial Collaborative Law



Harley & ASSOCIATES

COMMERCIAL REAL ESTATE, INC.

- Commercial & Industrial
- Sales & Leasing
- Tenant Representation
- Property Management
- Site Selection
- Consulting
- Landlord Representation

398 Carl Street, Suite 101 Wilmington, NC 28403 | 910.784.9800 | 877.790.9401 | Fax 910.784.9111

www.harleyassociates.com

office of cultural arts
unc wilmington

uncw.edu/ARTS

experience something new this year!

02.01.14
EMMYLOU HARRIS & RODNEY CROWELL
legends of american country & folk

02.02.14 - 02.04.14
NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL
new works by contemporary composers

02.13.14
PIANO MASTERWORKS
classical selections on love & passion

03.14.14 - 03.15.14
BRIDGMAN | PACKER
innovative dance theatre inspired by the art of edward hopper

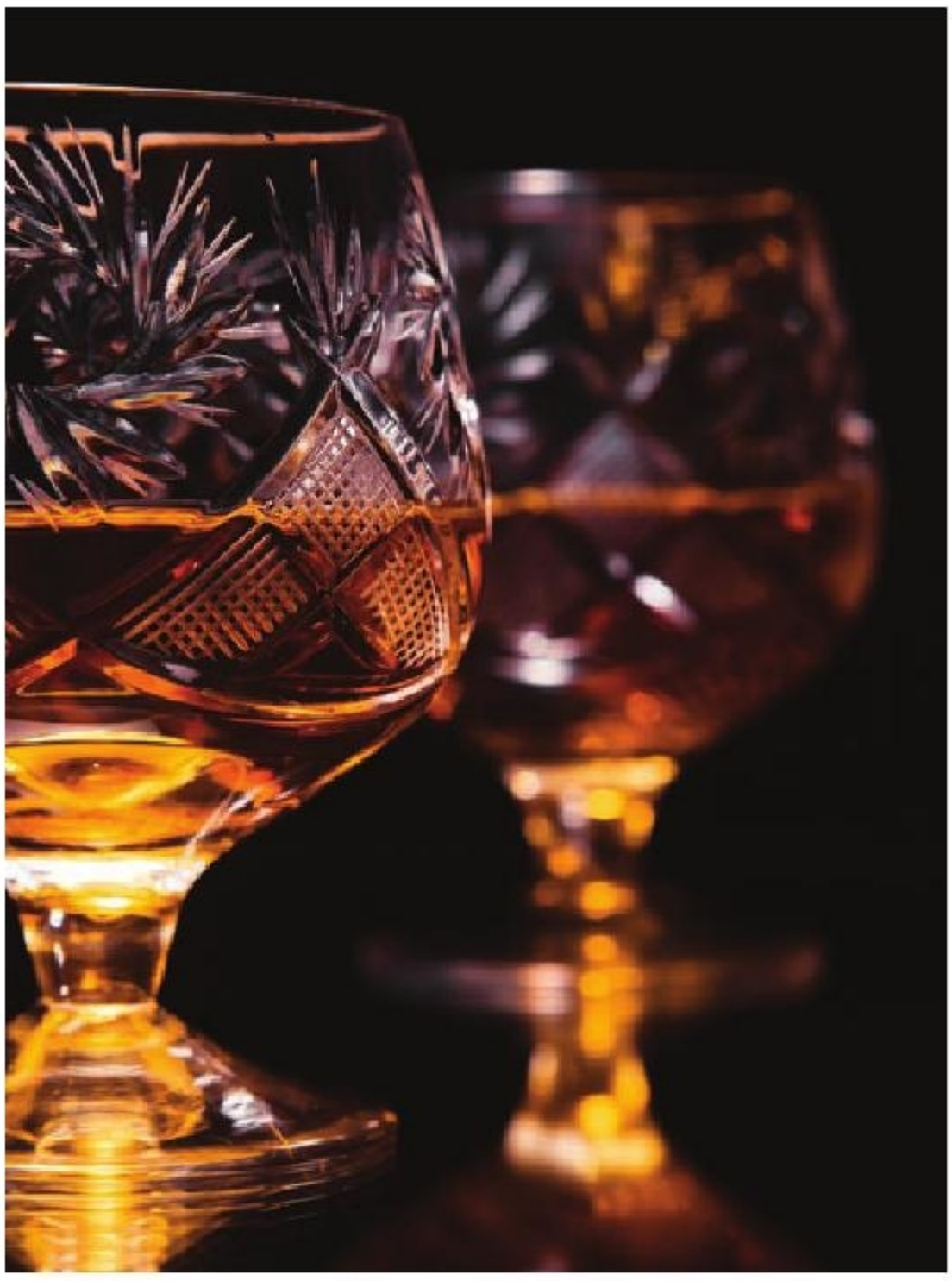
03.27.14
BÉLA FLECK & ABIGAIL WASHBURN
banjo masters blending appalachian soul with chinese folk traditions

Tickets & Info 910.962.3500

UNCW is an EEO/AA institution. Accommodations for disabilities may be requested by contacting the box office at least 3 days prior to the event.

Cure for the Winter Blues

The pleasures of blueberry tea



By Frank Daniels III

One evening in Calgary, Alberta, at the phenomenal Ranche restaurant in North America's largest urban park, Fish Creek, I was treated to one of the best surprises in my spirit quest — blueberry tea.

My wife asked the waiter for blueberry tea, and I ordered a glass of vintage port to cap off an excellent meal. The Ranche is a beautiful old home on the Bow River that runs through Calgary and serves as the central feature of the park. Sitting in the restaurant you can often see elk, deer and the occasional jackrabbit grazing through the property. Sitting in the dining room of this old house, nestled at the bottom of a cliff and overlooking the Bow Valley, you can easily transport yourself to the 19th century. On this winter evening, unusually large, fluffy snowflakes were falling, adding their silent charm to the scene.

All in all, an incredibly romantic and wonderful place to spend an evening, and not the place you would expect surprises.

My port arrived and then the waiter placed a brandy snifter, on a snifter warmer, in front of Carol. "I thought you ordered tea?" I asked.

"I did," she said with a smile. "I think you'll like this." She is Canadian, and this was very early in our relationship, so I was still unsure of her humor, but I'd had sufficient wine at dinner to be tolerant.

Into her snifter the waiter poured Grand Marnier and amaretto; he then poured steaming tea. Almost immediately, the aroma of fresh blueberries wafted across the table. I was stunned, and intrigued. My excellent port seemed so pedestrian and unimaginative.

Graciously, Carol shared a sip of her tea. The aroma of blueberries gave way to a rich mellow flavor of almond and orange that you'd expect from Grand Marnier and amaretto. The tea was transformed into a smooth blend of flavors that had no resemblance to its origins.

Light and flavorful, this variation of the hot toddy is an excellent way to warm up a chilly evening, end a meal, or enjoy a late night blaze.

Our family has adopted blueberry tea as our toddy of choice during the cold months of the year. There are several variations that I've run across on the Web. My research shows that generally orange pekoe tea is the base, and that adds more fruit to the nose of the toddy. We are partial to Earl Grey tea.

Outside of western Canada, I have not found a bar or restaurant that has ever heard of blueberry tea, but the recipe is simple and they have no problem making one up. Ordering a blueberry tea is also a great way to bring an unruly table back to order, creating a central topic of discussion, and getting everyone's attention so you can direct the end of the evening to your desired conclusion.

Enjoy.

Blueberry Tea

2 oz. Fresh brewed Earl Grey tea
1 oz. Grand Marnier
1 oz. Amaretto Disaronno

In a warmed brandy snifter, pour the Grand Marnier and amaretto. Gently add the hot tea. This recipe easily tolerates additional tea to govern your desired strength.

Serve with dark chocolate squares.

Frank Daniels III is an editor and writer living in Nashville, Tennessee, who frequently visits Wilmington. His cocktail book is Frank's Little Black Bar Book, *Wakestone Press. Contact him at fdanielsiii@mac.com.*

Truly Fresh

The ripple effect of buying – and eating – locally produced foods feeds Wilmington and its surrounding counties in several important ways

By Dana Sachs

When Leslie Hossfeld asks a restaurant server, "What do you have that's fresh today?" she means *fresh*, like, right from the farm down the road. A professor of sociology at UNCW, Leslie is also the executive director of Feast Down East (FDE), an agricultural distribution network that connects people who produce food with consumers who live close by.

Such a program may sound straightforward, but it's not. Factory farming and international supply networks have altered traditional distribution in this country. We regularly eat food produced hundreds, or even thousands, of miles away. Such large-scale systems are not sustainable, Leslie says, and do little to support a healthy local farm economy.

Since 2006, FDE has been trying to alter that system. "If you're committed, you can make it happen," Leslie explains. Her commitment combines academic research with community activism as a means of promoting positive change in our region. These days, more than two dozen farms, all located within a forty-five-mile radius of Wilmington, participate in the program, from Sampson County's Black River Farm, which specializes in seasonal organic produce, to Brunswick County's Waccamaw River Farm, which produces watermelons, strawberries, grape tomatoes and other crops.

Likewise, dozens of local restaurants, such as Aubriana's and YoSake, are using the system to purchase fresh, high-quality produce just after harvest. An additional aspect of the program supplies farm products to large institutions like UNCW and local schools, as well as to individual consumers.

When Leslie and I got together for lunch, I got to hear her ask, "What's fresh?" at The Basics, a downtown eatery that participates in FDE's program. It was no big surprise, then, when our server recited a list of local products, among them green beans, collards and green tomatoes. The Basics, specializing in Southern recipes, promised to serve its green tomatoes fried, of course.

"There's an economic ripple effect of buying local," Leslie told me. In Wilmington, the booming tourism industry, fine restaurants and million-dollar homes on the beach may obscure the fact that many poor people live in this region; local farms provide employment that can help reduce that poverty. After the North American Free Trade Agreement, or NAFTA, was implemented in the 1990s, Robeson County, northwest of here, lost 10,000 textile manufacturing jobs, leading many of its residents into financial hardship. Bladen, Pender, Brunswick and Columbus counties are also, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, high poverty areas. In Columbus County, over a quarter of all residents, and over a third of all children, live below the poverty line. Many of these people are African-American and women, traditionally marginalized groups who are often the first to suffer when the economy weakens. Encouraging people to farm wholesome food offers a means of improving health and economic status,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES STEFUIK

said Leslie, who has a soft-spoken manner but, clearly, enormous drive and determination. Every aspect of her work is intertwined, creating a system of "local food as economic development as poverty alleviation."

Wilmington, of course, has its areas of poverty as well, and Feast Down East addresses the needs of these people, too. In the city alone, 16,000 residents live in eight different areas classified as "food deserts," neighborhoods located a mile or more from an affordable grocery store. These people, many of whom don't have cars, end up shopping at nearby convenience stores, where food is low-quality, unhealthy and expensive. "Everyone should have access to healthy, affordable food," Leslie pointed out. "Not just healthy, middle-class consumers." With that idea in mind, Feast Down East has instituted regular farmers markets in the low-income community of Rankin Terrace and hopes to expand the program soon.

Wholesome food looks a whole lot different when you consider it in relation to the Cheetos- and Snickers-laden aisles of a convenience store. That's what I was thinking as the dishes we ordered began to appear. We started with the fried green tomatoes. "I try to eat these everywhere I go," Leslie said. The Basics slices them into thin disks, fries them crispy, then tops them with a sweet salsa. "Very good," she said, after a bite.

As you probably know, if you put three Southerners in one room, you'll have six recipes for any given dish — one from each individual, plus another that came from that person's brother or mother or cousin. When Leslie tried the fried okra, she praised it but also made sure I understood the difference between this fried okra and the kind she eats at home. "My mother is from Vicksburg, Mississippi, so we do it differently," she told me, "differently" being a polite substitute, I think, for "better."

I categorize fried okra as finger food, so I popped one in my mouth. "How so?" I asked.

She looked down at The Basics' version. "This was made using a flour and egg bath. My mother's is cornmeal."

The reasons for the success of The Basics' collard greens were less obvious to either of us. I like to cook, but my recipe for collards and kale is very, very simple: (1) buy a big bag of the stuff (2) keep it too long in the crisper drawer of the fridge (3) after it's rotted, transfer it directly to compost. The Basics does it differently, which also means better.

"These are definitely good Southern greens," Leslie said, after tasting a bite.

But the distance between bag in the refrigerator and something edible on the table continued to baffle me. "What's the secret?" I asked.

"You cook them forever and they've typically got fat in them. These also have vinegar."

I took another forkful, trying to suss out the flavors. "And sugar?"

"I taste sugar, too."

We also tried a pan-fried flounder, served with rice and tartar sauce, and a luscious smoked chicken salad dotted with fruit and nuts (if that sounds odd to you, I urge you to give it a chance). Of course, being an establishment that specializes in Southern food, The Basics offers a wide array of desserts. I won't say anymore, except try the peach cobbler.

Before we left, Leslie told me about the Feast Down East processing center in Burgaw, where farmers drop off their harvest every Wednesday for distribution in Wilmington the following day. Individual consumers can sign up to purchase weekly boxes of produce (which, in case you're worried, come with recipes for the kale-impaired). Right now, root vegetables are in season, as well as apples and what Leslie calls those "good soup" butternut squashes. Come March, just about the time the jonquils bloom, strawberries, blueberries and salad greens will begin to appear.

Thinking about the changing seasons gave Leslie Hossfeld's face a whole new brilliance. "It's great," she told me, "all times of year."

Dana Sachs' latest novel, The Secret of the Nightingale Palace, *is available at bookstores throughout Wilmington.*

The Claude Howell Diaries

A life keenly observed by Wilmington's most acclaimed native artist

Claude Flynn Howell, Mending Nets, 1947, Oil on canvas, 30 x 42 in., Purchased with funds from the North Carolina State Art Society (Robert F. Phifer Bequest)

By Susan Taylor Block

The nature of Wilmington artist Claude Flynn Howell was akin to that of a carefully composed painting. He was capricious, yet disciplined; spontaneously funny, yet dead serious; prideful when it came to his own deep genealogical roots and elevated social position, but keenly interested in celebrating the dignity of those of other races and strata. Reading the multi-volume journal he kept throughout his lifetime is like walking through a squeaking louvered door, straight into the mind of a very Southern artist.

Howell was born March 17, 1915, in the Carolina Apartments building, diagonally across Kenan Plaza from the Bellamy Mansion. His father, Claude Flynn Howell, Sr., was a brick and lumber merchant. Claude's mother, Jessie Nurney Howell, was a no-nonsense Southern belle who hailed from Tidewater, Virginia.

Those who knew Claude knew him by his pronounced drawl and inimitable speaking voice, which was only partially influenced by his mother's vernacular. In 1928, during an elevator ride in his building, the doors shut on his face. The horrid accident broke his nose, permanently impairing his manner of speaking so that his words emerged with a slight twist. All of this contributed to Claude's unique and sometimes fascinating vocalisms, affectionately referred to as "Claudese."

Howell's artistic talent emerged early and was nurtured by his mother's support and his own strong and steady work ethic. The same sharpened powers of observation that benefited his artwork blessed his journals. Subject matter varies, from his day job, to his experiences with the Great Depression, to travels abroad, to his associations with art colleagues — the most interesting of which is his friendship and rivalry with local aristocrat Henry MacMillian. No matter what the topic, opinions abound.

Like his speech, Howell's writings have a slow-paced cadence. In fact, they present a world where speed and uniformity were not at all celebrated. New technology, such as his first television, was held suspect. Friends' genealogies were tattooed in memory like a conversational GPS system, to help one avoid social accidents among Wilmington's famous cousinhood. It was

PAINTINGS FROM THE NORTH CAROLINA MUSEUM OF ART

Claude Flynn Howell, Beach Umbrellas, 1954, Oil on canvas, 20 x 40 in., Purchased with funds from the North Carolina State Art Society (Robert F. Phifer Bequest)

a world that, in many ways, has all but vanished from the land of the Lower Cape Fear. One wonders if today's fast-paced world could have shouldered such an artist and writer.

Claude Howell's formal art education began with Elisabeth Chant, the accomplished and visionary artist who made Wilmington her home in January 1922. She was a nurturing original thinker who planted many good seeds into Howell's young mind. He enjoyed sabbaticals in various places, his favorite of which was Woodstock, where he studied under Charles Rosen. During 1949 and 1950, the gift of a coveted Rosenwald Fellowship allowed him to study painting in New York and Paris. He continued making art pilgrimages into his senior years.

His work appeared in shows throughout the Southeast, and was exhibited in famous museums, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. His crowning achievement may have been the founding of the art department at the University of North Carolina at Wilmington. Though he did not go to college himself, Howell said the college came to him. It did so in the form of president Dr. William Madison Randall, who issued an invitation for Howell to teach a sketch class that eventually led to full-time work as an instructor and Howell's studious and creative founding and guidance of the art department.

I was fortunate to know Claude Howell personally. My mother sat daily with him at work in the late 1940s, and when I was a child she taught me a song they sang often when typing serious letters to the song's rhythm at the Atlantic Coast Line Freight Traffic Department stenographers' office. "Swim, said the Mama, swim, swim, if you can . . ."

I got to know "Mr. Howell," as I always called him, well when I took two of his art history classes at UNCW. I was thrilled when he asked me to inventory books in the art library he was creating. But, it was writing and not graphic art that brought us close about ten years later. When I shared with him that I liked to write verse, he lit up and said he could wallpaper a room with all the rejection slips he had received for his writings. I'm sure this was a gross exaggeration because the journal entries he began to show me were amazingly well-written. He admitted that he sometimes edited his past entries, and many of those smoothest narratives became popular when he read them on WHQR public radio, over many years.

The last time I visited Mr. Howell alone, he was in his last weeks and talked to me about my writing and how he wanted me to continue with it, and how pleased he was with a little book I had just written called *Van Eeden*, about Holocaust escapees who found refuge on a farm near Burgaw. It was the sort of local, very real subject that he loved.

A few days later, I drove my mother to see him one last time. They immediately fell on one another's necks, remembering funny things from the past and debating, once more, which was the best pound cake recipe. I was invisible to them. It was yet another facet of one gem of a man.

Today, I am fortunate to have a few scattered pieces of his work hanging on the walls of my house. If I linger long before them, I can almost hear echoes of him, uttering words of artistic encouragement, saying humorous things in that quirky way, and, occasionally, delivering a disciplinary sting or two to keep me on my toes.

And now, a walk through the mind of artist Claude Howell — and Wilmington — beginning on New Year's Eve, 1929, when Howell was just 14 years old.

December 31, 1929 — I won second prize in the living Christmas tree contest with a lighted tree in our front yard. The prize was a five dollar gold coin. Sturgis White and I walked all the way from my house [2309 Oleander Drive] to Hilton [Park], to the large Christmas tree to get the prize.

March 26, 1930 — I finished reading the Old Testament tonight. I think that is real good.

April 16, 1930 — I came home and walked over to Greenfield Lake, and just got loads of lupin. It is beautiful. There are fields of it, all blue.

Winter, 1931 — Christmas in Wilmington means a Sally White fruit cake. This is the Wilmington specialty. Every woman in Wilmington who prides herself on being a good cook says she has the original recipe from Miss Sally White although all of them were different.

We go to the courtyard of St. James Episcopal Church around six on Christmas Eve to join in the singing of carols around the large illuminated pine tree. Around ten we go to our own First Presbyterian Church to attend the Christmas service.

August, 1933 — We don't have much money these days. Daddy sells brick and since things are so bad no one is building houses. Our house was about the last to be built in Wilmington. We have jacked up the big 7-passenger Lincoln on blocks in the garage and Daddy has sold the tires. Now we just have the one car. This is why I have not gone off to school.

October 18, 1934 — This morning I went to see Miss [Elisabeth] Chant

Claude Flynn Howell, Ocracoke Harbor, 1964, Oil on canvas, 25 x 40 in., Gift of Frances M. and William R. Roberson, Jr.

and Miss [Irene] Price and showed them my watercolors for criticism. They completely tore them to pieces. "Composition and color frightful," they said.

November 1, 1934 — I am soda jerking at Toms Drug Store where I work 56 hours a week and get paid $13. It is a means to an end, which is going to school next fall. This is my first job!

July 5, 1935 — Three weeks ago my father died of a sudden heart attack. I have never been so completely broken up.

My job at the drug store is over.

September 5, 1935 — I haven't written in some time due to much trouble since my father's death. Several weeks ago Mother had a severe heart attack and is still in bed.

September 23, 1935 — I got myself a job as a stenographer at the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. It wasn't a case of my wanting it, but a case of food.

April 15, 1936 — We finally gave up the house in Country Club Pines. We have a nice apartment with a long hall, a living room, dining room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bath. I love the view over the city.

May 31, 1936 — The annual exodus from town to the beach has begun. It is funny how everyone rushes down and works extremely hard to appear indifferent and lazy lying on the beach. It is also funny how indecent everyone looks now with their white skin after having seen them fully dressed all winter.

June 15, 1936 — The old Post Office is being torn down. It is rather sad, watching the brown sandstone wall crumbling down bit by bit. This morning I watched men like tiny specks beginning to tear the slate from the top of the clock tower. I always took the building for granted, but now that it is going I feel like I am losing an old friend.

August 21, 1936 — I now have a dozen or so of my paintings on exhibit downtown in James Book Store. These are the first paintings of mine to be shown in public. This morning, Mr. John Blair from Raleigh, who is connected with the state in some official capacity, came into James Book Store. On seeing my watercolors he was extremely impressed, so Mr. James says. He said I should get some position with the Government working in the Federal Works of Art Project, or exhibit in the PWA Exhibition in Raleigh.

I am still working with the railroad. It is my bread and butter. Mother has taken over Daddy's brick business and we rent a room in our apartment so we at least have enough money to live on.

. . . Life on the beach is the most amazing sort of thing. I have been interested in the unnatural way in which it works. All conventions apparently cease when one comes to the beach. One's family is forgotten. You stand by your weight alone. Everyone seems to act as if there will never be another day or night through which to loaf and lie in the sun and drink and chat and dance. Time stands still and the crowd plays on forever. People this year are wearing almost no clothes.

At Wrightsville Beach, we go to Pop Gray's [now Wings] to watch the street cars come by, to have a cold drink and to watch everyone else. On Saturday night one goes to Lumina.

October 5, 1936 — At lunchtime some 5,000 office workers are let loose on Front Street, and it is pandemonium trying to get lunch downtown. Usually I walk home for my lunch.

Five of us work in the Freight Traffic Department [115 Red Cross Street] of the general offices here in Wilmington. We are in our early twenties and hardly take life seriously. We type in unison and shift our carriages at the same time beating out the rhythm of the popular songs with our typing. This annoys the chief clerk immeasurably, but we insist we can type faster this way.

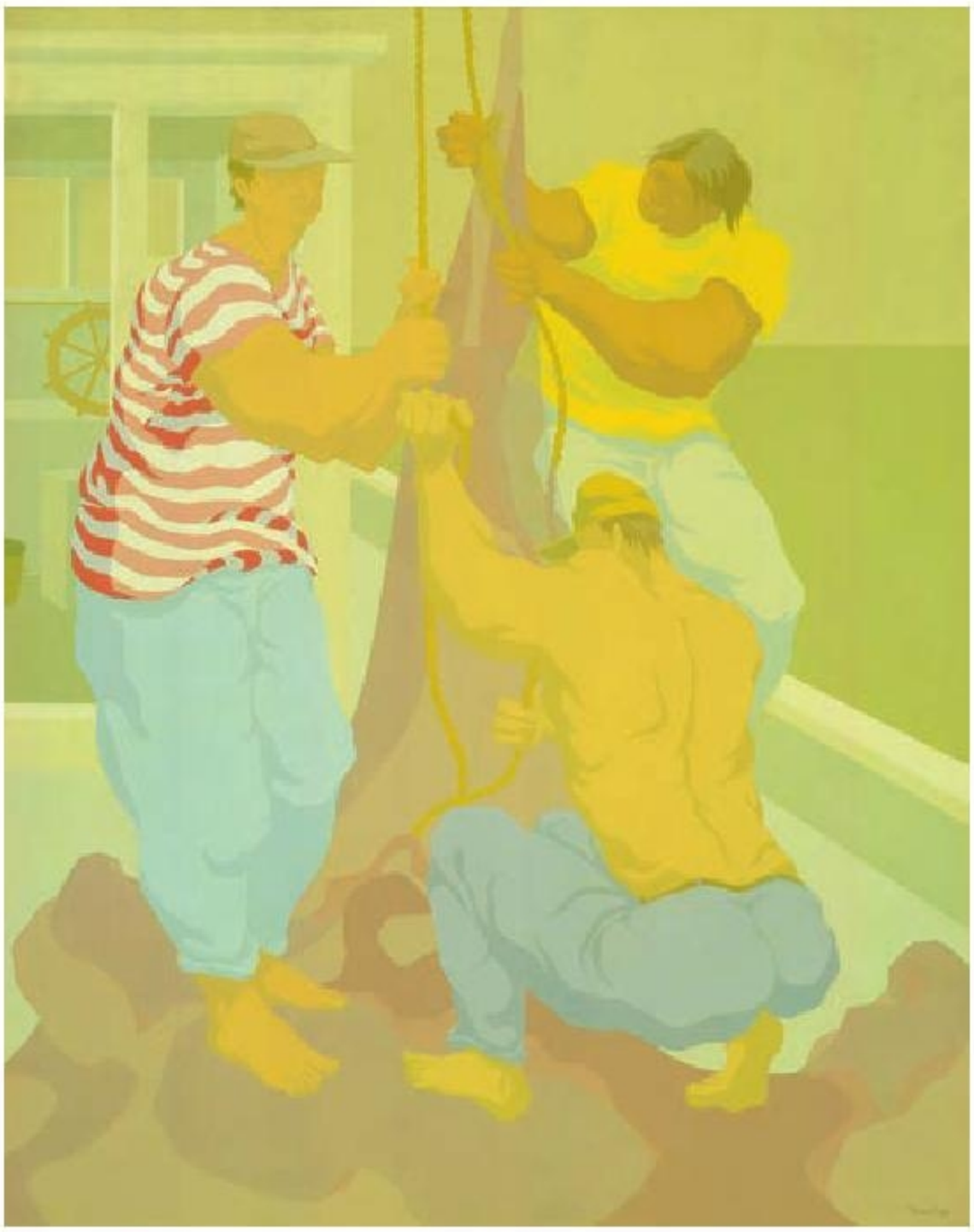
I work on the second floor with not so many people, but we have our share of strange ones, too. There is Lefty, an enormous man who keeps all his pencils behind his ears . . . and who invariably goes to sleep when taking dictation.

October 12, 1936 — I heard the Eva Jessye's Choir tonight at Thalian Hall with negro music. A negro baby in the audience, who most likely had never been to a concert before, clapped in perfect time, enraptured by the music.

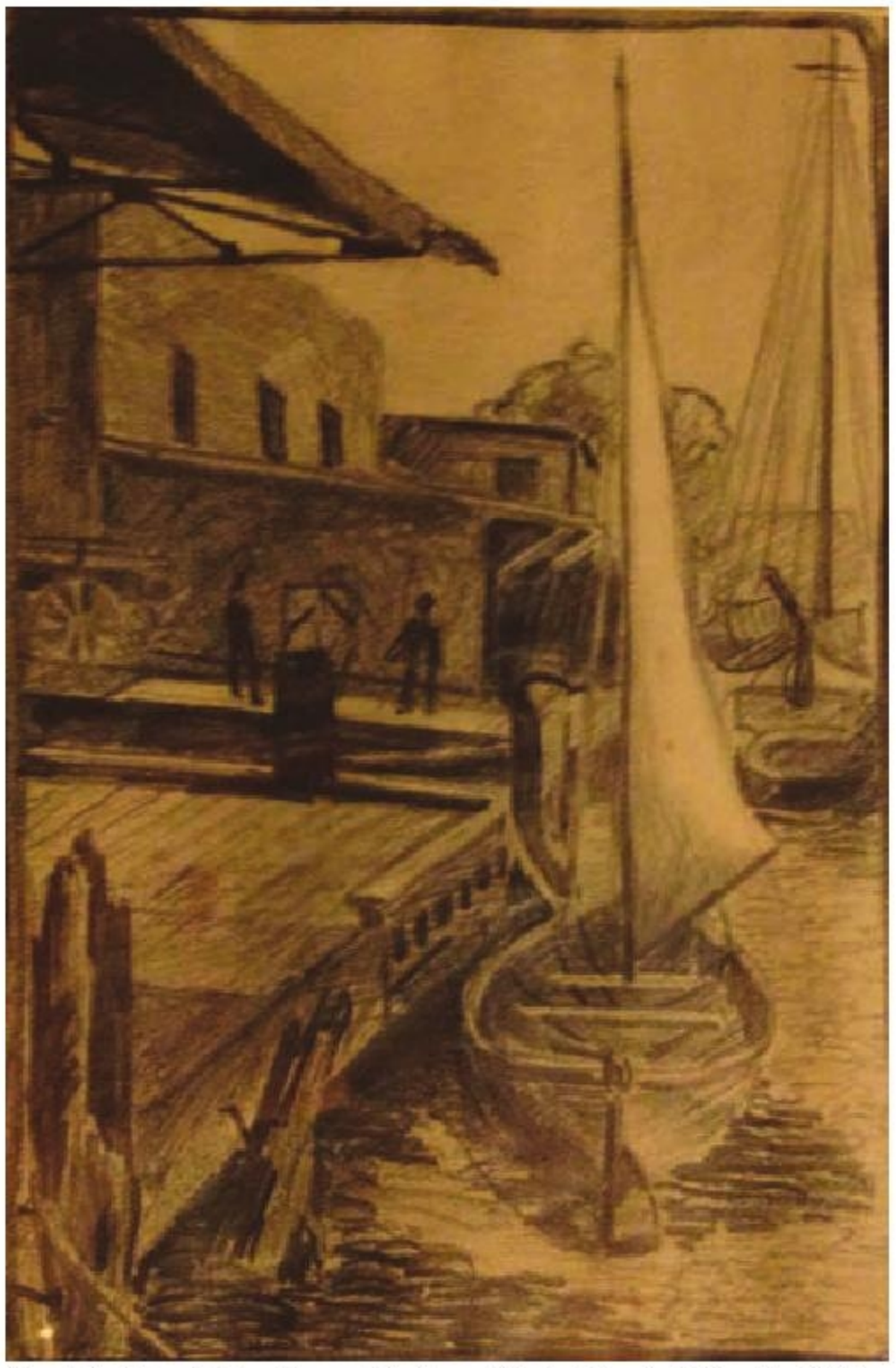
December 15, 1936 — I witnessed an amusing incident in the elevator. One meets the queerest people there. In that little square box you are closed off from the world. I often think a dramatic scene could be written about . . . an elevator of romance on the rise.

Nov. 29, 1937 — Elisabeth Chant, an artist who is responsible for most of the art interest in the city.

January 7, 1938 — Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Hugh MacRae began development around thirty miles north of Wilmington called St. Helena. He divided a tremendous tract of land into small farms and imported Poles, Russians, and other nationalities, then said, "Let's see how this turns out." Today these small farms are prospering. They are neat, well culti-



Claude Flynn Howell, Three Fishermen, 1984, Oil on canvas, 50 x 40 in., Gift of Frances M. and William R. Roberson, Jr.



Sketch by Claude Howell owned by Susan Block of Brooks Wharf, in 1932.

vated and yield surprisingly more than neighboring fields owned by native Southerners. The experiment is more of a success than even he expected.

Tonight we heard that they were celebrating their Russian Christmas. Helen and Henry MacMillan, Mayo Stuntz, and I drove up to watch the ceremony. First there was a three-act play and then Russian carols by the R. O. G. church choir. The music was weird to our unaccustomed ears. The most impressive thing of all was the atmosphere in the community hall. Whole families came from babes in arms to grandparents. Never have I seen such happiness. Completely unselfconscious, these people have found what we have failed to find in America, the land of promise. They have neither riches nor luxuries but what is more important, they are contented and healthy.

March 30, 1938 — I have drawn eight scenes of Wilmington and Mr. Louis Moore wrote the little squib on the back. I have had thousands of them printed. The only thing I hate is the business end of this.

April 6, 1938 — By eight o'clock I was at Henry's hard at work. We were matting watercolors for our exhibition which is to be at the Cape Fear Hotel.

May 1, 1938 — . . . I helped the MacMillans take things down to the beach cottage which has grown up since last summer. A studio has been added which is a beautiful room with perfect light, which is amazing considering the glare from the water and sand.

July 8, 1938 — We are hard at work trying to get more support and particularly money so we can open an art museum. I am not very good at asking for donations but will do my best. The civic clubs are being very helpful. Support from the city for the Wilmington Museum of Art came from Thomas E. Cooper, J.E.L. Wade, Louis Fisher, and Louis T. Moore.

July 21, 1938 — The membership drive for the museum will begin the week of July 25. Henry MacMillan, Margaret Williams, and I have contributed paintings to be given to the ones who collect the most memberships.

September 15, 1938 — We have moved into the old Woolvin Building on Princess Street [the northern side of the 200 block] and the museum will probably open in October. Ethel has already moved her office into the building and there is much going on.

Thomas Wolfe has just died.

September 1940, Labor Day Weekend, Davis, North Carolina — The mail boat was ready to leave. We loaded our painting materials on board, that is all of us except Henry MacMillan, who kept acting like a grand duke and refused to do any work. . . . We went to a square dance. We all danced. The jail was on a sand dune just across the dance hall. It consisted of chicken wire. Drunks were put in the enclosure and when they were sober enough, they just climbed out.

The Cameron Art Museum owns Claude Howell's original journals and their rights. Bound volumes are available for perusal in the New Hanover County Public Library's North Carolina Room.

Susan Taylor Block is a regular contributor to Salt *magazine.*

PURVEYOR, BUYER & APPRAISER OF FINE AND ESTATE JEWELLERY

229 NE BROAD STREET · SOUTHERN PINES, NC · (910) 692-0551 · IN-HOUSE REPAIRS

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER LEANN AND WHITNEY PARKER WELCOME YOU AS WE CELEBRATE OUR THIRD YEAR

Southern Winter

My blood has thinned. Lucky me

By Jason Frye

"I took a chill, must be that my blood's thinned."
— Granny Thelma

Southern winters are a tease. Most of us here are transplants — we pulled up our roots from ground that had a frost line and settled here, in the temperate, sandy soil where we have little to worry about in terms of snow — and we're the ones who find "winter" so amusing. When the native Tar Heels and longtime transplants don parkas on a day that's fifty degrees and sunny, we tend to laugh. When the weather forecast calls for snow flurries and the school system automatically goes on a two-hour delay, we smile. When the county shuts down one day for every inch of snow we receive, we're frustrated, but find it faintly amusing.

Until we've been here a few years.

Somewhere along the line, after two or three years maybe, the South creeps into our blood. You might notice it the first time you go out for breakfast at White Front Diner or Dixie Grill and you order grits — with a heap of butter and loads of pepper — instead of hash browns. Or you might notice it the first time you say "Kerr Avenue" as if it were spelled c-a-r. The South creeps up on you in a matter of degrees. Soon, you'll find that sixty degree days call for a long-sleeved shirt, fifty degree days demand a jacket, and forty degrees? Forget about it and bring on the parka!

My grandmother, Thelma White, who was born and raised in West Virginia, where winter sometimes settles deep in your bones, used to say she "took a chill," and that it must be because her blood had thinned. I didn't understand what this meant for the longest time, but now that I've developed a taste for grits and the feel of a Southern drawl in my mouth, I get it. My blood's thinned, acclimated to the Southern seasons, grown less tolerant of the cold.

A lot of us here are like this. The wind off the Cape Fear River cuts through us on winter days. Walking the January beach requires a balaclava — or at least a scarf. Running the Loop or Greenfield Lake? Better have one of those post-marathon/space/rescue blankets handy for when you finish.

Or better yet, a hot toddy.

The cold drives us to hot drinks like toddys and Irish coffees. Hearty pints of porter. Mugs and bowls of soup. Piping hot slices of pizza and perfectly grilled sandwiches from Chop's Deli.

On nights when flurries threaten, it's time to curl up at Front Street Brewery for a bowl, not a cup, of the Cheddar Ale Soup, a hunk of bread and a little eavesdropping. Listen to the folks around you talk and you'll hear people say the cold is getting to them, must be this "thin Southern blood."

Maybe Front Street Brewery isn't the place for that. Maybe it's K&W Cafeteria, a Southern institution if ever there was one. Stand in line for a bowl of too-hot-to-eat chicken and dumplings and keep your ears open. It won't take long before some old-timer makes mention of his or her thin blood.

Perhaps Port City Java is the place to hear it. Or Luna Café.

A bowl of soup or chicken and dumplings or a plate of mashed potatoes and gravy or a hot cup of coffee will certainly stave off the cold for a while, but to find warmth, we must look deeper. "Cold hands, warm heart," said Granny. Another Southern classic.

Peek into Goat and Compass or Duck and Dive and you'll find a crowd of people seeking the same things: shelter from the cold and the warmth of like-minded company. In these dingy dives, the people will huddle together for heat and companionship. Even in larger spots, like Blue Post, clusters form around the dartboard and pool tables. The alley between the bar and the game room is a sardine can, every chair taken, every inch of wall space leaned on. Still, the cold penetrates from the alley's roof; it creeps down the walls and into our shoulders and backs.

On these cold nights, when the temperatures dip into the forties or even thirties, I envy smokers. They hold fire in their hands and pull it into their lungs. I long for the real thing. A friend's backyard and a fire pit. The warm ring that extends some ten feet from the flame and the cold walk into the house. The jittery glow of tongues of fire and the sparks that ascend to the starry skies from time to time.

On these cold nights, my now-thinned Southern blood pulls me to fire, to kinship, to rich, hot, comforting flavors in cups and glasses. And even without snow, winter here starts to feel like real winter.

Jason Frye is a travel writer and author of two forthcoming travel guides. He's a barbecue judge, outdoor enthusiast, poet, and lover of all things North Carolina.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES STEFIUK

Are You Happy?

A night watch, a question that lingers

By Virginia Holman

The first thing Flora, my mother-in-law, said to me when I arrived at her deathbed was, "Are you happy?"

I wondered, "What does she mean?"

It was 2009. She'd gone into sudden renal failure at age 86, and everyone knew that she would not be going home. The family had gathered to say good-bye. Each of her five children managed to arrive in time, some with their children in tow, and a group of twelve had formed. There were so many of us shoehorned into her ICU cubicle, three of us had to step out each time a nurse needed to enter.

I'd arrived a day behind my husband, with our teen son, to say good-bye to a woman I'd known most of my life. Family members stood knotted along her bed. I didn't know what to expect, but Flora's plaintive question, "Are you happy?" threw me. What did she mean? At this moment? No. Was she hallucinating? No. Was she mad at me? Did she really mean, Are you happy, now? No, utterly unlike her. I ruthlessly parsed her question. What did she mean?

"Yes," I cooed, and stroked her dry hair, her ash dry skin. I saw the muscles in the lower half of her face beginning to blur and slacken. "I'm happy."

My mother-in-law was a worrier by nature, and though she was the polite Southern belle to the end, she had always liked me precisely because I was not like her in many ways. She knew I would tell her the truth if she asked, and our intimacy was based on the trust between us, as well as the love we shared for her son, my husband.

She knew, from nearly thirty years of experience, that she could ask me hard questions, complicated questions, and I wouldn't dodge them, or her. I felt like I was lying when I answered her with a simple, comforting response, when I didn't really understand the question. "Are you happy?" What did she mean?

Flora relaxed as I stroked her hair. My reply had reassured her, and this reassured me. Yet her question also stung. This woman I had loved and quarreled with for nearly thirty years was using the last hours of her life to express her concern for me, and for each of her family members. It was a terrifying gift to receive.

She was in and out of consciousness for the bulk of that day, clay faced and moaning. When she wanted to speak, we'd moisten her mouth with a little sponge on the end of a stick.

It was clear she was suffering, and struggling against the pain. She'd raised five children, buried two husbands, and divorced two husbands. She'd toiled for thirty years as a secretary through multiple heart attacks to raise her family. She put each child through college. Everyone longed for her to pass away peacefully. The nurse gathered the children to discuss removal of the dialysis machine. A friend she'd had for eighty years came by with a daisy, and reminded her of a carriage ride they'd had as girls.

Eventually, her children reemerged like grim-faced jurors. Despite Flora's advance directives, they could not come to consensus on removing the dialysis. As the children gathered once again around her bedside, Flora surfaced again, and the children asked her what she wanted to do about the dialysis. "Well," she said, "I'd like to talk a little more." So they did, until she drifted again into unconsciousness.

After the long vigil through the day, her children and their families were tired. No one wanted to leave her alone, yet everyone wanted to flee, not from Flora, but from our grief. I knew my role. I sent them home, and took the chair beside her bed.

Dying may be swift and easy for some but for Flora dying was hard labor. She was in such pain and so cold that the hospital had placed a hot air mattress beneath her. Her breathing was ragged. She moaned and cried in a state of semi-consciousness. She held her arms out in front of her and rose upright in her bed, calling for her mother. Periodically, I'd walk to her window and look out at the near empty parking lot to the sky, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Quantradids. A realist by nature, I became superstitious. I told myself, if I see a meteor streak across the sky, I will describe it to her, and when I look back at her, she'll have slipped away. I thought this would make a lovely story.

I saw no meteor. Finally, at about three in the morning, Flora began knitting the air with her hands. I became panicked, and spoke with her nurse, asking her what I could do to get the family to come to consensus. I urged her to make sure Flora's painkillers were adequate. I asked her, what can I do? The nurse only listened, placed her hand on my shoulder, and looked at Flora.

"Look at her," she said. I looked first at the nurse. Her gaze was so tender.

Something about both of us watching Flora together calmed me, and we did this several times during the night. When I felt I couldn't stand to watch her suffer any longer, her nurse, just through the act of directing me to look

at my mother-in-law, helped me understand that staying with her during her struggle, and mine, was everything, and enough.

At 4 a.m., the nurse came in and told me to leave for at least an hour and a half. There was much tending to be done on the unit. I fled to the lobby, still lit with Christmas lights, guiltily grateful for the reprieve.

Once out of ICU, I found I was famished, and the only available food came from a row of vending machines. I slid a ten dollar bill into the change machine, and ten golden dollars spilled to the little gutter at the bottom.

They looked like wishes, like something from a fairytale or a dream. I gathered them up as if they held some magic that could transform the reality of what was happening to my mother-in-law.

I ate a granola bar, drank a Diet Coke, and tried to doze in the lobby. Finally, I decided to walk outside, to see if I could see the meteors. Maybe I'd see one. Maybe when I went back upstairs, the nurse would tell me it was over.

The automatic doors gasped as I walked outside to the parking lot. The air was sharp and cold, but the stars weren't visible. There were only low clouds lit from the haze of the parking lot. The cold air awakened me. I stood and breathed. I wanted to be home, to be beyond this time and place. I did not hurry back upstairs. I stood until I could stand the cold no longer. When I turned to reenter the hospital, I nearly walked in to the glass. The automatic doors had locked behind me. I knocked, but no one was in the lobby. I tried to pull them apart. I hit the handicap button and rang the buzzer, panicked. Then I jogged a half mile to the emergency room, where I explained what had happened. The guard scanned my bag and let me through, so I could get back to where I belonged.

Flora briefly came to when I arrived.

"Where are they?" she said.

"They'll be here at six."

"Hurry."

I summoned the family.

"Flora," I told her, trying to keep my voice calm. "They can't let you go. If you want to go, you have to tell them. They need you to tell them. OK? You have to help them."

I held her for the next hour, while her children reconvened.

Once they were all there, I said my good-bye, and left to get some sleep.

On my way out I heard her say, "Virginia and I had one of our talks."

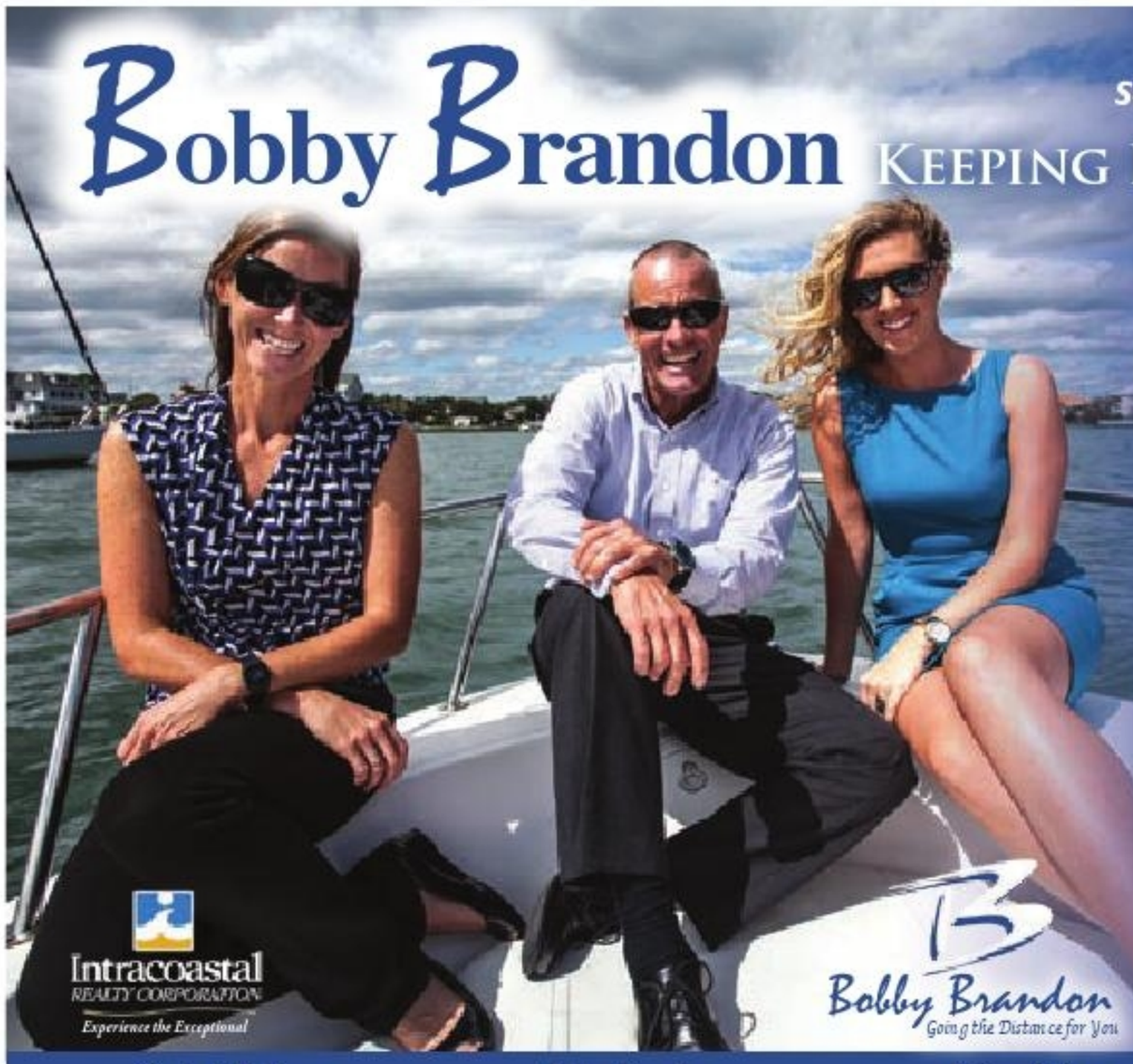
She died later that day, after speaking with her children. I was not beside her the moment she passed away, but I understood, finally, what she'd meant.

Bring out the Best
AND THE BRIGHTEST
The CFA Scholars Program provides multiple gifts ranging from $1000 - full tuition. Students in grades 6 -12 who demonstrate academic achievement, talent, leadership, and exemplary character are encouraged to apply.
Scholarship Exams
SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 9 am – 12 pm
Learn more at our PK3 – Grade 12 Open House January 7 at 8:15 am.
CAPE FEAR ACADEMY
910.791.0287 CAPEFEARACADEMY.ORG

Bobby Brandon

Selling Wrightsville Beach and Wilmington since 1993

Keeping Real Estate Real, Call Us Today!



15 Bermuda Drive • Recently remodeled • Exceptional quality & detail **$1,998,500**
Wrightsville Beach

202 Lees Cut Lane • w/Boat Slip
$529,000 Wrightsville Beach

152 Driftwood Court • w/Boat Slip
$420,000 Channel Walk/Wrightsville Beach

1057 Headwater Cove Lane • Views of Bradley Creek **$309,000**

8817 Ramsbury Way • 5 Bedrooms
$462,000

618 Swann Street • Investment Property **$59,000** Downtown

224 Water Street #2F **$238,000**
Downtown Riverfront

4559 Exuma Lane **$128,000**
Saylor's Watch

Elisabeth Mulligan
(910) 262-1405
elisabeth@intracoastalrealty.com

Bobby Brandon
(910) 538-6261
bobbyb@intracoastalrealty.com

Rainey Wallace
(252) 230-8523
rwallace@intracoastalrealty.com

www.BobbyBrandon.com

Vionic®
Walkabout Event

FREE socks with try-on of any Vionic with Orthaheel Technology walking shoe.

Natural Relief
Orthaheel® technology helps reduce over-pronation, which can relieve associated common pains

3501 Oleander Dr.
#17 Wilmington, NC
(910) 772-9993
MyShoeShak.com
January 12-18

shoe shak

ORTHAHEEL® IS NOW VIONIC® WITH ORTHAHEEL® TECHNOLOGY

© 2013 Vionic Group LLC

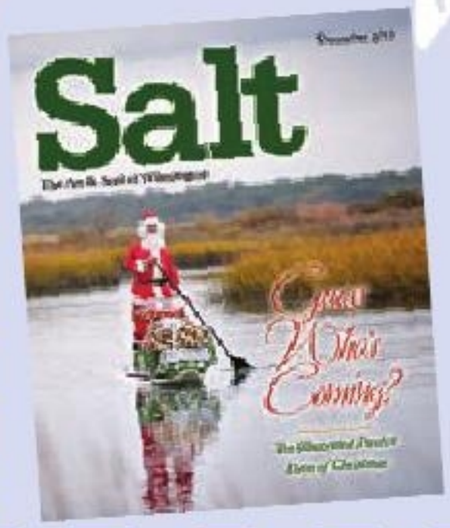
Never miss an issue!

subscribe today & have

Salt

MAGAZINE

delivered to your home!



Call 910-833-7159
or mail payment to

Salt Magazine
P.O. Box 58,
Southern Pines, NC 28388

$45 In State
$55 Out of State

Bonaparte's Gull

The smallest winter species with the great big cry

By Susan Campbell

Named after American ornithologist Charles Lucien Bonaparte, the Bonaparte's gull is our smallest regularly occurring gull along the coast during the cooler months. Given its harsh call, diminutive stature and delicate features, it is easy to see how, at first glance, individuals might be mistaken for terns. But take a closer look . . .

Here in North Carolina, Bonaparte's gulls are found along the immediate coastline from November through February. You might see them loafing on the dunes or foraging in the sounds or ocean waters. Typically they don't associate with larger gulls, although, where prey is abundant, they may share the sand or surf with terns and other gulls.

Bonaparte's gulls have a very large range, breeding all the way north to the edge of the taiga of Canada and Alaska, and wintering from the lower Mississippi Valley down into Mexico. Find them in numbers along both coasts.

This small gull has a very different appearance in the non-breeding season: It lacks the black hood and sports instead a gray-black ear spot. Immature Bonaparte's gulls have a larger smudge of dark feathers where the head and neck meet as well as above the eye. Adult plumage is not complete until after the birds' second birthday. Black mottling on the wings will give way to a solid gray back. Also, the black band at the end of the tail will disappear, leaving nothing but white feathers. The Bonaparte's gull is the only small gull with pink legs. As with all other gulls that spend time in our state, males and females are identical.

Although this small gull winters in close proximity to people, Bonaparte's gulls breed in desolate boreal forests and vast shrub lands just south of the tundra. It is the only gull species known to nest in trees. Chicks are almost exclusively fed insects that are caught on the wing by the parents. Boneparte's gulls also forage for aquatic invertebrates and small fish. Garbage and carrion are not part of their diet.

If large flocks of Bonaparte's gulls are present, one might be lucky enough to spot a little gull in the mix. As their name implies, little gulls are small — the tiniest of gulls found in North America. Look for dark underwings and red legs on the adults. The M-shaped pattern of dark feathering on the dorsal surface of immatures in flight is very characteristic. In winter plumage, littles also sport a dark cap in addition to an ear spot.

To really appreciate the Bonaparte's gull, and to more readily identify wintering waterbirds in general, consider investing in a spotting scope. A scope, as birdwatchers call it, is a specialized telescope that provides not only greater magnification but a wider field of view than regular binoculars. With the ability to see the details in plumage, one can not only better identify gull species, but also appreciate individual variation, for which this group of birds is notorious.

Susan would love to receive your wildlife sightings and photos. She can be contacted by email at susan@ncaves.com, or at (910) 949-3207.

The Planter's Gun

A good tale for a winter's night

By Tom Bryant

"Let's build a fire when we get home. This cold weather has seeped into my bones." Tom, our son, and I were on the way back from a late January afternoon dove hunt on the farm I lease for bird hunting. The original plan was to duck hunt a beaver pond, but it was frozen; so we dove hunted a cut over Milo field instead. A cold front had roared in from Canada the evening before, and the sunny South was frosted over. Kicking back in front of a blazing fire would feel good.

"That's a great idea, Dad. I'll get the fire started while you clean the birds." In short order, after unloading the Bronco and taking care of our chores, we were warming before the fireplace. Linda, my bride, was visiting her sister, so Tom and I were on our own for dinner.

"What are we going to eat for supper? Mom's not here," Tom said as he put another log in the fireplace.

"I just cleaned those birds. I'll marinate them a little, wrap them in bacon and grill them on the little charcoal grill. Voila, instant supper. Those birds, along with baked potatoes and a tossed salad, will be perfect. Food harvested from the field just like your forebears. I'm gonna pour myself a scotch. You want a beer?"

"No I'm still cold. I think I'll make some hot chocolate. Speaking of forebear's, Grandma was telling me a little history about some great, great, great uncle of ours who fought in the War Between the States. Remember when we were down there at Christmas and she showed me that history book produced by the Daughters of the Confederacy? She said that our long-ago uncle was one of the best duck hunters of his time."

"Yep. All the old folks say it's true. Our relative did fight in the war and that much I know because it's documented. The part about the ducks? There's some question about that. Get your chocolate. I'll pour some scotch and I'll tell you how it was in the winter of 1865 when the South, as our folks knew it then, was about to disappear forever."

Tom lay back on the den couch with his steaming mug of hot chocolate and I pulled the hassock nearer to the old leather chair, took off my boots and put my feet toward the fire.

"Now picture this, buddy roe. It's January, 1865. Sherman's Army is moving north through South Carolina burning everything in his path, killing all the livestock he can't use and, in general, making war on old men, women and children. Wade Hampton's second South Carolina Cavalry is harassing him with attacks on his flanks, but it's like trying to stop a runaway bull with a slingshot. This is where your distant relative found himself, riding with Hampton. He was in charge of a small Cavalry unit assigned with keeping up with the Yankees and their location. It was a winless task. One good thing came out of it, though. Your long-ago uncle was able to warn the family, then living in Marion County, to cross the river with what livestock was left and everything they could carry. He advised burying what valuables they couldn't tote because the plantation was right in Sherman's path. Remember last summer when we went to the old family graveyard? That's all Sherman's army left. Family history says he burned everything to the ground. Even dug up part of the graveyard looking for the silver. They were a mean bunch."

"I've heard Grandma talk about that a lot, how the family crossed the Pee Dee River to escape the Yankees and were able to move into a small cottage with a cousin. But what has that got to do with duck hunting?"

"That's the cool part," I replied. "Your uncle and his boys ran up on a squad

of Yankee soldiers as they were making camp one night. Caught completely by surprise, the Yankees were captured without a shot being fired. They had two wagons loaded with the plunder they had stolen from Southern homes before they burned them. Your uncle and his boys stripped the Yankees down to their skivvies and turned them loose, telling them if they were seen in the next ten minutes they would be shot as the common thieves they were. They skedaddled over the nearest hill and were gone. They didn't come back."

Tom got up from the couch, stretched and put another log on the fire. "Yeah, but where does the duck hunting story come from?"

"In one of those wagons, loaded with loot, was a shotgun fowling piece supposedly made by an English manufacturer. It could have been a Holland & Holland and probably was a planter's prized possession. Along with it, they found black powder and lead shot, ready to hunt. The Confederates drove the two wagons to the nearest farm and turned them, with all the contraband, over to the inhabitants, advising them to hide everything. They gave them all the stuff except the shotgun. Your uncle requisitioned it as a meat provider. Food had been scarce for the Southern boys, so the next morning early, before dawn, he took the gun along with powder and shot to a nearby beaver pond and killed enough mallard ducks to feed all the troops in his unit. The rumor had it he didn't miss, often bringing down two ducks at a time. Sounds like he could shoot sort of like your old dad."

Tommy laughed. "Don't tell me about the time you brought down those wood ducks with one shot. I've heard that one too much. What happened to the Confederate Cavalry after the duck hunt?"

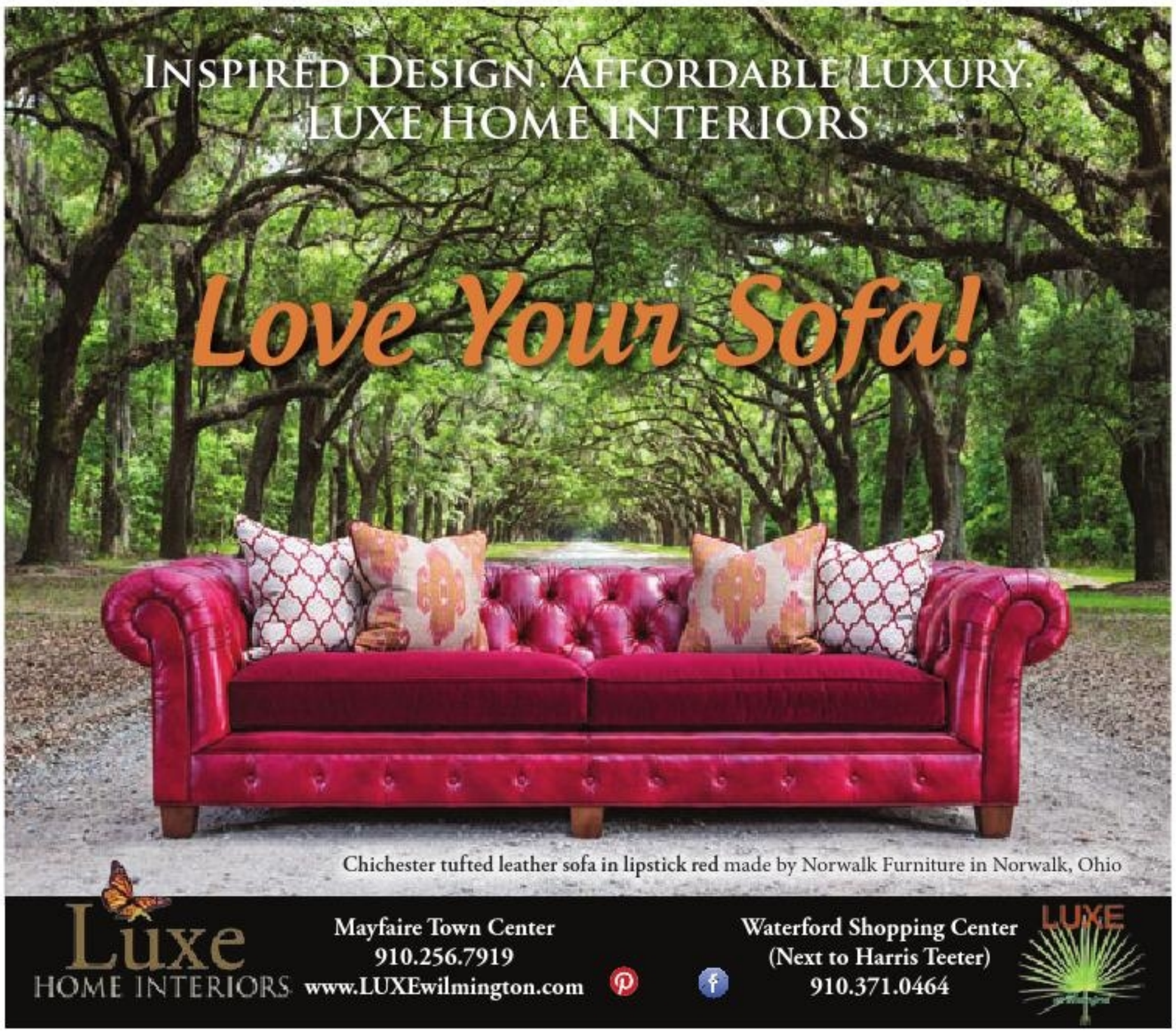
"Well, they joined up with Hampton's main group and went north to help Joe Johnston's army. The big battle took place at Bentonville, North Carolina, Johnston's 16,000 Confederates against Sherman's 60,000 Yankees. The Confederates whipped them for a couple of days but, outnumbered and out of ammunition, retired to Greensboro, where they surrendered. That was the last battle of the war."

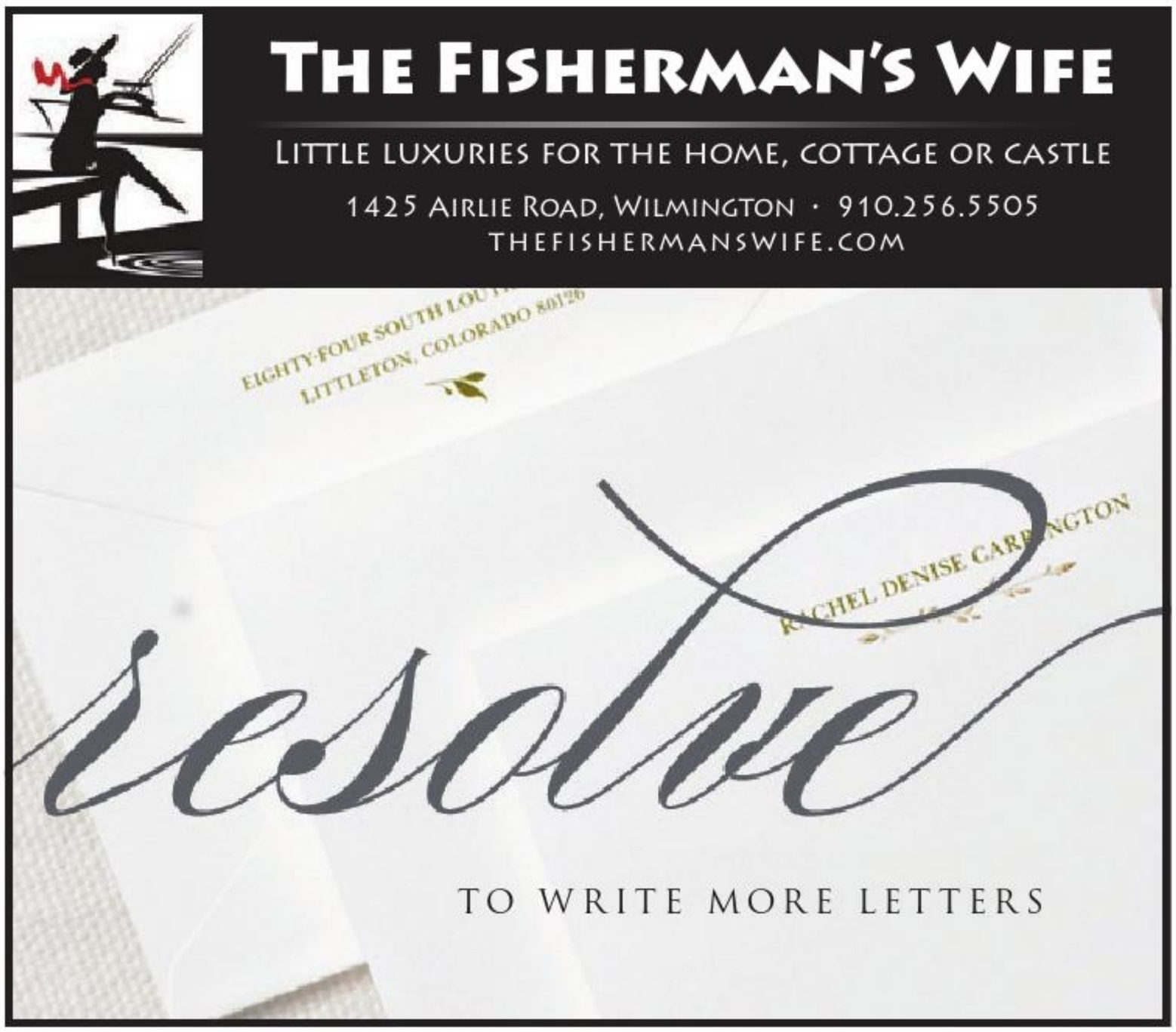
"That's quite a story. You reckon it's true?"

"We've got some of it documented about serving in the Southern army and the burning of the home place. We like to think the duck-hunting story is true. How else can we explain our natural talent at duck shooting?"

"We'd better not rely on that," Tom said, laughing. "What say we get those doves marinating? I'm getting hungry."

Tom Bryant is a lifelong outdoorsman and Salt's *Sporting Life columnist.*





JUMP!

nedleary

PHOTOGRAPHY

FINE ART LANDSCAPE • ORIGINAL PORTRAITURE

The Tooth Fairy and the Magi

A slightly altered tale of New Year generosity

By Bill Thompson

Christmas is over; we've celebrated the New Year; Santa's back at The North Pole; and we're making resolutions we can't keep. So I want to tell you a story about the tooth fairy that calls to mind *The Gift of the Magi*. (Don't worry. It'll all come together.)

Back before Christmas, my wife and I kept the grandchildren so their parents could go on their annual honeymoon. The first night we were there, Drew, my grandson, lost a tooth. He's 9 years old but, as he will tell you, he is smart for his age. When I told him to put the tooth under his bed so the tooth fairy could reward him, he said, "Granddaddy, I know all about the tooth fairy."

I said, "Well, as long as you believe, he'll still come."

Drew is very entrepreneurial. He likes to make money. He placed the tooth under his pillow.

I called his mother to find out the current exchange rate on the Tooth Fairy Market. Needless to say, I found that the value of children's teeth had gone up considerably since I had last been a tooth fairy agent. The amount of money a tooth is worth depends on which tooth has become dislodged. In this case, a bicuspid was worth five dollars.

Old-fashioned as this particular tooth fairy is, he placed a quarter under Drew's pillow in exchange for the tooth. But then, feeling embarrassed about being so cheap, he placed four dollars and seventy-five cents in various other locations in the bedroom: behind the Lego pirate ship, under the autographed baseball, etc.

The next morning when Drew lifted up his pillow, he said with obvious disappointment, "Granddaddy, the tooth fairy only left a quarter!"

I sagely replied, "I understand that sometimes the tooth fairy scatters his money around instead of just leaving it under the pillow. You know, like fairy dust."

"You gotta be kiddin'," was his skeptical response.

"You'll never know till you look," I said.

So he began to search for the dental largesse in his room. Although I thought the tooth fairly had placed the money in very obvious places, Drew was having a hard time finding it.

It was then that his sister, Mia, who is 8 and thinks her brother is a pest except when he is her hero, volunteered to help him find his money. But she, too, was not having much luck. So I was surprised when she jumped up from beside the dresser and shouted, "Look, Drew, here's five dollars!"

What! I knew the tooth fairy had not left a five-dollar bill. As Drew continued to look for the remaining money, I discreetly pulled Mia out into the hallway and said, "You are a good sister." To which she modestly replied, "I know."

Thinking the tooth fairy had really been a cheapskate, Mia had gone to her room and removed the money from her stash that she keeps in a Mason jar (for "personal stuff") and pretended to find it under Drew's dresser.

Now, here's where I was reminded of *The Gift of the Magi* story. After the two of them had found the remaining gift from the tooth fairy, bringing the total haul to ten dollars, Drew said, "Here, Mia. Here's five dollars for helping me find the tooth fairy money."

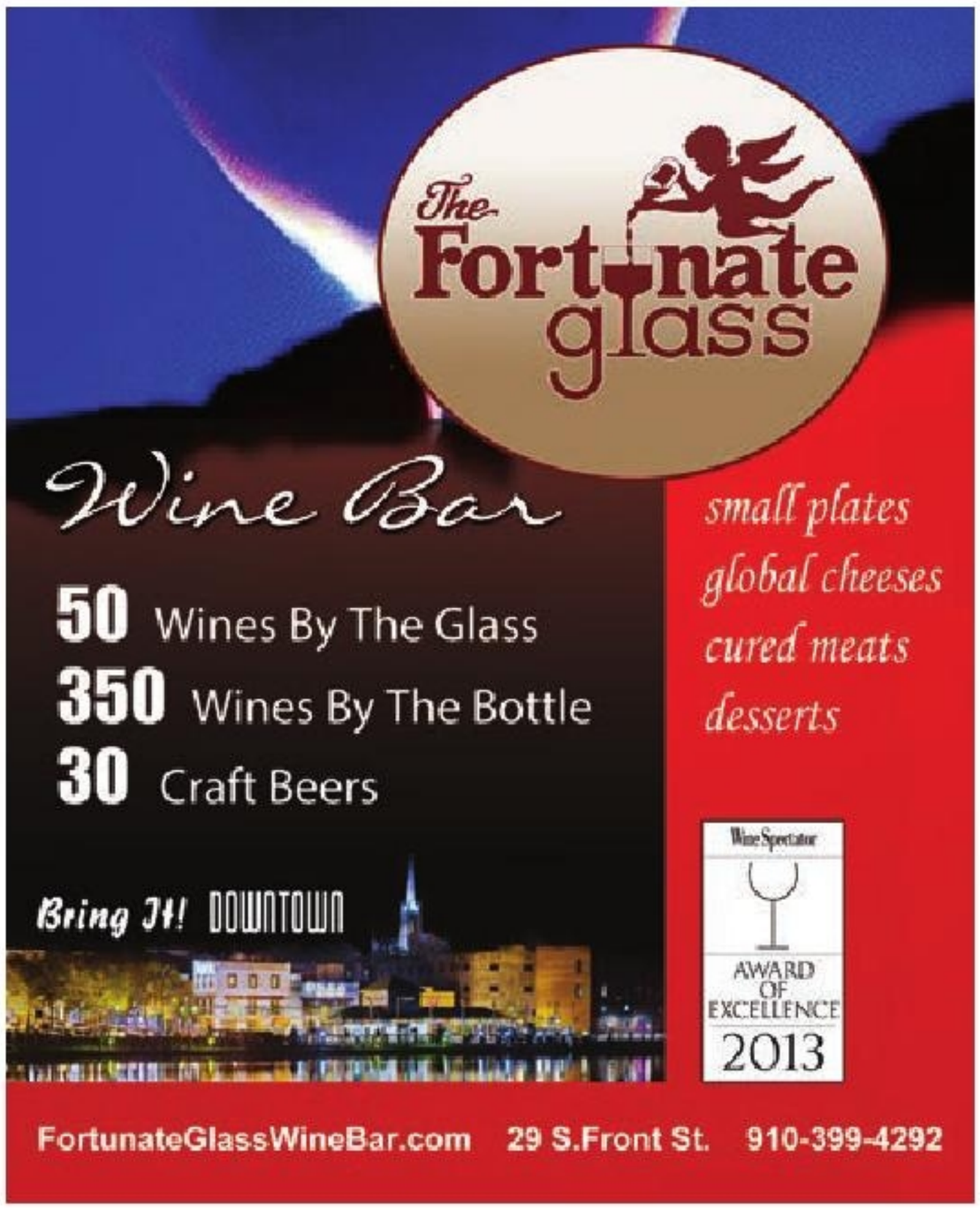
OK, so it may not be exactly analogous to O.Henry's tale, but it illustrates the same kind of mutual unselfishness.

A little Christmas carry-over there. But there was also a little New Year's resolve as well. You've heard of sibling rivalry? In the coming year, I believe I'll think more about sibling love.

Happy New Year!

Bill Thompson is a speaker and author who lives just down the road, in nearby Hallsboro.

Bring it Downtown



Wilmington's favorite Fondue restaurant & bar
the Little Dipper
fondue on front
≪ Serving Dinner Tue-Sun at 5pm ≫
check out our weekly specials online @ www.littledipperfondue.com
Reservations encouraged
available online or over the phone
138 South Front Street (910) 251-0433 www.littledipperfondue.com

Occasions...Just Write

313 N. Front St.
Cotton Exchange
Wilmington, NC 28401
(p) 910.343.9033

Stationery,
Greeting Cards,
Wedding Invitations,
Gifts,
Art Supplies

occasionsjustwrite@gmail.com • www.occasionsjustwrite.com

Never miss an issue!

Subscribe today and have

Salt
MAGAZINE

delivered to your home!

Salt
The Art & Soul of Wilmington
The Physical Queen of the Cape Fear
Salt
The Art & Soul of Wilmington
Twas 2 Who's Coming?
The Haunted Twelve Days of Christmas

Call 910-833-7159 or mail payment to

Salt Magazine
P.O. Box 58,
Southern Pines, NC 28388

$45 In State
$55 Out of State

Bioluminescence

Seconds passed. I watched one wave approach,

rolling through waters lit with jellyfish,

rolling obliquely landward till it crashed,

its ghostly aura scrawled across the beach.

And though I'd never seen a night that burned

with such intensity, it was your grace

that filled the room, your sleepy, owl-bright gaze

that followed as I closed the blinds . . . I turned,

& without thinking, pressed my face between

your breasts, where I could hear each lung draw air,

where I could hear the doors of your heart open

& shut methodically beneath my ear.

And nothing like this happened again. And yet

it happened then. It happened. I was there.

– *Michael White*

Michael White is currently chair of the Department of Creative Writing at UNCW. His poetry books include This Water, The Island, Palma Cathedral, Re-entry, *and the forthcoming* Vermeer in Hell. *He also has a memoir,* Travels in Vermeer, *forthcoming from Persea Books.*

The Evening Walk

A wise son, sleepy bees, and beauty everywhere

Story and Photographs by Virginia Holman

When my son was a preschooler, we lived in the North Carolina Piedmont. I quickly discovered that he loved to walk in the mornings, no matter how cold it was outdoors. If you have attempted to walk a half-mile at a 3-year-old's pace, you know such an excursion can take a good long while, and is full of glittering distractions. Those first years as a mother, I found time slowed when I was with my son. My days were measured by his needs — his meals and walks, his blessed naps.

One January morning we stood before a neighbor's winter-blooming viburnum, which was heavy with tiny white blossoms. My son reached up, scooped something from the bush, and clenched it in his dimpled fist. I'd seen him do this on other walks, and figured he was picking a flower or two, a transgression I was willing to overlook.

"Do you know what I have?" he asked.

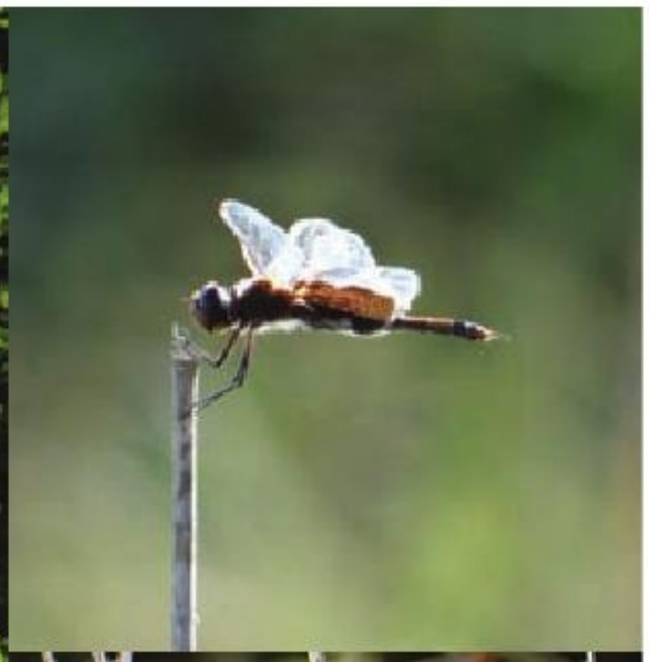
I shook my head.

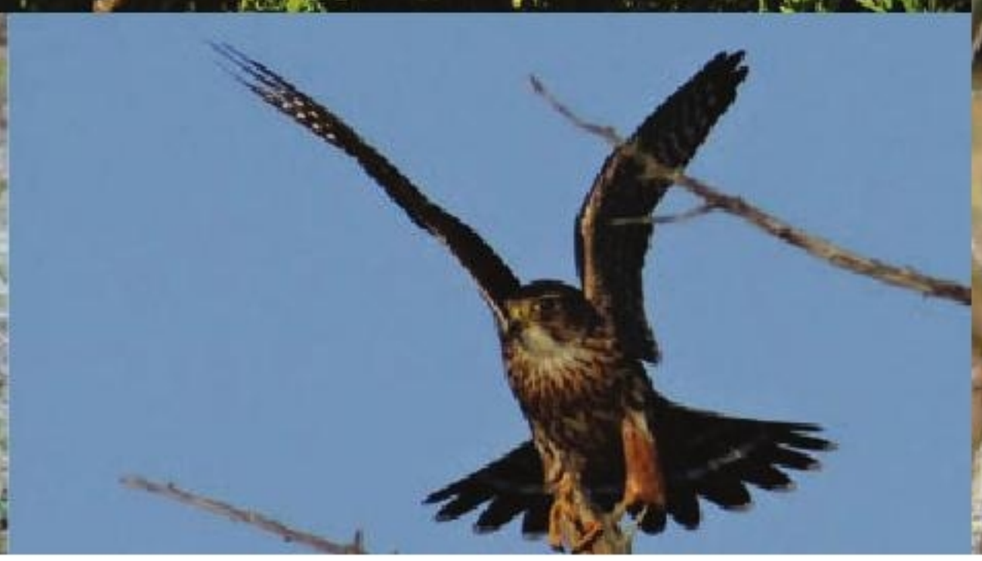
He motioned me close. "Look, he's sleepy," he said. Then he opened his hand to reveal a bee; it lumbered along his hand in a slow drunken zigzag. Then he gently placed him back on the bush. He'd discovered on our daily walks that the bees were groggy and gentle in the morning cold, and that he could easily capture them without being stung. Those small walks, the same route nearly every day, became great adventures. That routine, that sameness, could yield riches was a revelation to me. My husband and I craved novelty, and we feared its loss to the necessary consistencies that come with child-rearing. We loved to travel to places we'd never been, without an itinerary or a hotel reservation, and just "wing it." We loved it when a destination was brand new to us, and each step, each meal, a discovery. Had my son not shown me that a daily walk in the same location could be its own adventure, I might have viewed our daily morning stroll around our block as something dull and familiar. Because I let myself be led at his pace, I was often experiencing the world as a child must, as a place both strange and wonderful, a place as exotic as any foreign land.

I thought of my son and the bees as I made my lists for 2014. I am an obsessive list-maker, and each New Year finds me writing and revising lists of writing ideas and teaching strategies, household repairs and stock market picks, and, of course, outdoor adventures. When I look back at last year's New Year's list, I'm pleased by my progress, but the adventure I most cherish from the past year was not one I anticipated. Why? It simply didn't occur to me that my evening walk with my husband could be such a thrill.

If you're like me, your New Year list making is filled with grander goals than a daily walk. Perhaps, like me, you long to travel to Antarctica, to kayak around the Kamchatka peninsula, or to bird the Amazon rainforest. As wonderful as these goals are, they are not how we spend our days. And, as Annie Dillard notes, "How we spend our days is, of course, how we spend our lives."

My little bee-catcher left for college last fall. Our bold and observant child grew into a young man at ease with winging it with us when we traveled on the cheap with no clear itinerary, and often no reservations. He scaled the volcano at Stromboli with





us to watch it erupt at night and bungeed from Bloukrans Bridge in South Africa. Before our son left for school, my husband and I feared we would be inconsolable when he left, and that we would miss beyond measure his fine company and good cheer. Oh, yes, it was tough to say good-bye at his dorm. Yes, we miss him. Yet despite our friends' dire warnings that our lives would be immeasurably dimmed by his leaving, we have not been sad. To the contrary — our happy surprise is that his college adventure feels truly good and right, for him and for us. With our newfound freedom, my husband and I find we enjoy the renewed dailiness of our lives as "just a couple." It feels slightly wrong to confess the truth: Our son is having a grand time without us, and my husband and I are also enjoying our newfound freedom.

Though we'd like to take "cheap" vacations to exotic locations, these must be delayed during his college years. No matter, the simple walk we take down the Fort Fisher trail reveals great beauty and excitement.

Along the trail we have seen many things. In September, the dragonflies descended, and perched on dead tree branches. We noticed how they balance themselves with their front legs in even a strong wind, and how their front legs are slightly split. On another walk, we were followed for a quarter-mile by a flock of rusty blackbirds and common grackles. We finally realized that we were flushing the grasshoppers, their prey, from the brush. We learned the favored trees of a merlin, a northern harrier and, for a short while, a juvenile peregrine falcon. One day we turned a corner on the path and saw a large buck. He was thirty feet away, but did not move until we passed from his sight.

We learned that the spring tides cause the path to flood, and that if you time your walk just so, you may wade for quite a while in a foot or two of water. We saw two American avocet in a saltwater pond in the marsh. We marveled at an osprey, and how it could fly with a heavy thrashing mullet in its talons. We learned the favorite perch of the belted kingfisher, the tricolor heron, and the shy green heron. We learned where the dark marsh rabbit likes to feed. We watched the marsh itself change. The needlerush darkened, and the marsh myrtle bloomed and its seeds blew everywhere, like a giant dandelion. The air and water cooled. The dragonflies vanished. The rusty blackbirds left. The raptors began perching lower, and instead of dragonflies and grasshoppers, we'd find feathers strewn on the path. We left earlier on our walks as we lost the light. One cold evening, where the trail ends near the Fort Fisher basin, we were greeted by bright monarchs floating above the observation deck. Then we noticed the orange flash on the nearby cedars. Then, as our eyes adjusted, we saw that hundreds of monarchs were settling down to roost for the night. The next day, they were gone. We've discovered that, after a cool spell, the glass lizards, water snakes and copperheads are active, and that we must keep an eye on what's underfoot as well.

Some days my husband and I are alone on the path; sometimes other people are out there as well.

One day we ran in to a mother with her three boys. We were ahead of them on the trail. The oldest, a quiet teen who I later discovered has autism, was startled when he first saw us. He paused and appeared to struggle before deciding he could join us on the observation platform.

"It's beautiful out here," I ventured.

He nodded and stood looking at the vast marsh. "I come out there," he said, "because being in nature is good for the mind."

His mother and younger siblings joined us. They borrowed our binoculars to watch the pale full moon rise over the dunes, while the teen headed back down the path ahead of us. His mother asked if he had spoken to us, and then told us that he had just started walking on this path, and that he wanted to share it with his family.

"What could be better?" my husband replied.

I gave him a kiss, and we went on our way.

LOST WRITERS OF THE CAPE FEAR:

Bill McDonald

The man who loved the sea – and the rich human stories it produced

INTRO BY VIRGINIA HOLMAN

I came upon Bill McDonald's collection of newspaper stories, *Song of Cape Fear,* about the time I started writing for *Salt* magazine. Bill's nephew, Robbie Strickland, is a neighbor of mine in Carolina Beach, and his family goes back here generations. When Robbie gave me a signed copy of *Song of Cape Fear,* he said, "I think you'll like this." I'd never before heard of Bill McDonald.

Song of Cape Fear now has a special spot on my bookshelf. McDonald's treasury of tales is filled with historical detail and peopled by a cast of characters worthy of a sea shanty. Yet it's McDonald's voice and eye and ear that make this book such a delightful companion. Who could resist the opener of his article "The View from Dick Skipper's Fish House"? "No frost ever fell on a wild goose. He's long gone to warm southern climes by frost time, and those northern boys who own the classy boats are not far behind. It's a regular passing parade of sleek sailing vessels and big floating palaces moving down the Intracoastal Waterway these mid-November days. At times, the boat traffic in the Big Ditch looks like Third and Market Streets in Wilmington when the whistle blows on Friday. If you ain't careful, you'll get run over."

Bill McDonald nailed it every time. He was a storyteller, pure and simple. McDonald knew the people he was writing about, and the people he was writing for were bound to the Cape Fear region by the water. It blessed them with a daily wage and a majestic view and fearful storms. In "Pappy Leinier" he wrote: "Pappy knew how to say the right words to chastise us young savages, who killed for killing's sake, no matter whether it was game in the fields or fish in the sloughs. He was a conservationist and took his own game in the context of food for the table and enjoyment of the great outdoors." He wrote of beachcombers in February. ("If you are of the beachcomber persuasion, your bones can take only so much of the frozen life; and then you must go looking for spring, even though it is only February 1st.") Yet he also wrote tender, poetic reminiscences about his boyhood. ("In the full-moon time between May and July, the great sea turtles come ashore to lay their eggs.")

Bill McDonald wrote for the *Wilmington Star-News*, the *State Port Pilot, The Island Gazette*, and *The Coastal Carolinian* during the 1960s and 1970s. He wrote stories about Captain Skip Winner's battle with a 700-pound goliath grouper, Bob Strickland's experience jug-fishing for sharks from a canoe, and Rob Austin's retirement from "the charter boat game." The conclusion of that article, below, seems, to me, like McDonald's credo.

"I like the ocean, gets in your blood. Half my life has been spent on the ocean. One item for sure. You'll last a lot longer being able to go out there and do the things that you love. It's better than sitting at home wishing you could," Rob said.

"You sound right to me, old man," I said.

"You damn right."

Bill McDonald documented the world he loved, a world we are fortunate to have inherited and must work to protect.

From *Pappy Leiner*

BY BILL MCDONALD

He was a saltwater man with credentials carved out of long experience running back to his early days. He had wrestled the secrets of the sea, sound, and estuary over a very long span of intimate experience.

He could look a confused inlet in the teeth and evaluate the crashing surf and breaking seas, the currents and the sweep of the chop, and find the channel that led to the open sea. With all its shoals and hidden spits, you'd be dry on the seaward side of the bar with Pappy to guide you. On an ebb tide at Carolina Beach Inlet, that's on par with working out an algebra equation.

Pappy Leiner knew the ways of the wily flounder like he was acquainted with his brother. And an excursion with Pappy down to the flounder haunts in the intricate tidal creeks of Buzzards Bay at night was more than a memorable event. He almost never missed bringing home a mess of flatfish.

He knew where the clams were, and he wasn't reluctant in sharing his trips with the kids on expeditions below Fort Fisher. The price of admission was to have enough interest to stay until a load of clams was raked up on the tidal

shallows and to help with opening the shellfish when you got home. Brother, those fritters and that chowder that came out of the kitchens of the womenfolk in the family when Pappy got through sharing clams was purely inspired.

Pappy held a school on clam opening, and he never wanted for the company of enthralled kids who gathered round to learn the business of doing in the shellfish with a clam in one hand and a knife in the other. Pappy made it look so easy when he split the bivalve with skill and ran the liberated delicacy through an old fashioned meat grinder, placing the efforts of his labors in ice trays in the fridge. He later sliced off what he wanted from the frozen contents.

Pappy knew where the bluefish were taking it easy on a slow trolling day on Frying Pan Shoals and could tell you where the shallows and the deeps were according to the color of the water and in spite of the surf breaking from both sides of the string of sand lumps running twelve miles southeasterly to sea. You could trust him completely when he directed you to hug the lumps, where he knew the fish were waiting.

He spent most of his adult years working as a survey party chief for the Wilmington Office of the Corps of Engineers. He and his men were out there in a modified Simmons Skiff checking inlets, the estuary, tidal creeks, the Inland Waterway and the Cape Fear River. He had a running battle with malaria for years.

Pappy put in some time on the lonely beaches in the fall fishing, plugging the slough for speckled trout and bluefish, looking for a stray puppy drum or flounder as well. But never on Sunday.

Come Sunday and Pappy was in the First Baptist Church testifying to his faith in life and offering gratitude for the privilege [of] being alive. He was the kind of man who was called on to deliver food gifts to the needy and those down on their luck following the interdenominational Thanksgiving service in the old days when everybody brought some kind of food to the church for a gift. He was a master at extending heartfelt kindness along with the food gift without compromising the needy.

Pappy was an old fashioned craftsman with his hand tools. He was a master before and after the new power tools came out. When the new glass plugging rods first came into popularity following World War II, Pappy built his own rod from Calcutta bamboo. It was a masterpiece of body, balance and whip. He was busy in his shop over the next several years making rods, he was also making lecterns for teachers at his church and fashioning an "old rugged cross" out of weather beaten driftwood for use on the beach when the community observed Easter Sunrise Services each year.

While he was an excellent shot with a scatter gun, Pappy was the kind of man who elected to pole the boat while you sat up in the bow waiting to shoot marsh hens in the September flood tides in the lower reaches of the bay, offering quiet advice and knowing exactly where to go in the maze of creeks and flood covered marsh grass. He said he got more from the hunt letting you have the shots.

Pappy was introduced to the ways of the sea and the shore, creeks, and inlets by his granddad, Captain Gray Burris of Federal Point and Southport. Burris was a river pilot for the Confederate blockade runners in the Civil War and for a number of years following with commercial shipping calling at the port of Wilmington. Burris was at Fort Fisher that memorable day the Federals took it in January, 1865, and when informed the fort was about to surrender, swam the mile wide Cape Fear River to escape.

When Pappy was a boy of twelve years, his family moved to Southport where Burris had a waterfront house with his sailboat tied up in the creek that came nearly to the front yard.

It grew into a mutual admiration society for the old man of the sea and the boy. They fished the river and the bay and Corncake Inlet and the beaches over on Caswell together from 1912 until Burris died in 1925. They shot deer, ducks, and other game for the table and out of necessity. However, Pappy learned a reverence for wildlife and the fields and the marshes and fish and the sea from the old gentleman that lasted all his days.

It was said by one of his "adopted" kids in later years, who used to enjoy shooting with Pappy, that he never took a shot at game that was out of range, which might only wound a bird or deer without a clean kill. He was not willing to inflict suffering in the event the game escaped and went off into the brush to die and be wasted.

Pappy knew how to say the right words to chastise us young savages, who killed for killing's sake, no matter whether it was game in the fields or fish in the sloughs. He was a conservationist and took his own game within the context of food for the table and enjoyment of the great outdoors. He firmly expected his guests to do the same.

The man had a green thumb. He had a yard that looked a little like Eden might have looked. There were roses climbing a trellis, a transplanted cedar tree, a fragrant magnolia, fruit trees, and grape vines — one of which he typically found growing wild on an island in the Cape Fear, dug up, and brought home. Another came from the fine vine at his granddad's home in Southport.

Pappy also had a fish cleaning table in his yard near his workshop, and every hungry cat in the neighborhood was welcome to watch him dress out the catch and eat his fill of scraps before Pappy hosed down and cleaned up.

Pappy's gone now. Somehow it's never quite the same as it used to be when he was along in an open outboard skiff heading offshore into a gathering sunrise to keep an appointment with a school of waiting mackerel or to High Rock to have a go with the gray trout.

Such a seasoned old salt and yet such a blithe spirit passes by only once or twice in all a man's years to share with you some of the secrets he has learned from life.

We were richer than we knew.

Chapter Two excerpted from Song of Cape Fear: Tales from the Golden Age of Sport Fishing.

Continuing Education

How a young novelist and mother met her muse – and learned to see the world around her

Non-fiction by Lee Smith

Abingdon, Virginia, August 3, 2006 – I stand on the sidewalk fighting back tears, fingering the buckeye in my pocket, and looking up one last time at the jumbled, junky porch of 313 Valley Street – that old wicker chair where I sat so many times visiting Lou Crabtree, muse and mentor, on countless visits ever since I first met her over a quarter of a century ago. It was a meeting which would forever change the way I thought about writing.

I still can't believe she's gone.

It was the hot, muggy summer of 1980; I was an uppity young teacher who'd come back to teach the creative writing class which was a part of Abingdon's annual Virginia Highlands Festival, bringing my two little boys along. I'd grown up near here, then moved away – as far away as I could get from these imprisoning hills of home – to become a Writer, with a capital W. I was in love with Literature, with a capital L.

I got hotter and hotter with each step I took up the long staircase to the stuffy room where my class would meet, above the sanctuary in the old United Methodist Church right on Main Street. Finally I made it, and surveyed the group around a big oak table. It was about what you'd expect – eight high school English teachers, some librarians, some retirees. We had already gone around the table and introduced ourselves when here came this old woman in a man's hat and pink fuzzy bedroom shoes, grey head shaking a little with palsy, huffing and puffing, dropping notebooks and pencils all over the place, greeting everybody with a smile and joke. She was a big commotion all by herself.

"Well, hello there, young lady!" she said to me. "My name is Lou Crabtree, and I just love to write!" My heart sank like a stone. This is every creative writing teacher's nightmare: the nutty old lady who will invariably write sentimental drivel and monopolize the class as well.

"Pleased to meet you," I lied. The week stretched out before me, hot and intolerable, an eternity. But I had to pull myself together. Looking around at all those sweaty, expectant faces, I began. "OK, now I know you've brought along a story to read to the group, so let's go around the room, and I want you to read the first line of your story out loud."

So we began. Nice lines, nice people. A bee hummed at the open window; a square of golden sunlight fell on the old oak table. We got to Lou, who cleared her throat and read this line: "The old woman had thirteen miscarriages, and she named every one of them."

I took a deep breath. The hair on my arms stood straight up. "Keep going," I said.

"Only of late, she got mixed up and missed some. This bothered her. She looked towards the iron bed. It had always been exactly the same. First came the prayer, then the act with Old Man gratifying himself . . ." She read the whole thing. It ended with the lines: "You live all your life and work things up to come to nothing. The bull calf bawled somewhere."

I had never heard anything like it.

"Lou," I asked her after class. "Have you written anything else?"

The next day, she brought a suitcase. And there it all was, poems and stories written on every conceivable kind of notebook and paper, even old posters and shirtbacks.

Lou grinned at me. "This ain't all, either," she said. The next day, she brought more. All that week, I read these profoundly original poems and stories, sinking into Lou's magic world of river hills and deep forest, of men and women and children as elemental as nature itself, of talking animals and ghosts, witchcraft and holiness.

For Lou Crabtree was that rarity – a writer of perfect pitch and singular knowledge, a real artist. And most amazing of all (to me, anyway, simultaneously trying to write a mediocre novel of my own) she had written all this with no thought of publication. Writing was how she lived, it was what she lived by.

"I just write for my own enjoyment," she said. "I've done it all my life. It gives me pleasure in my soul."

I asked her then what she'd do if somebody came along and told her that she couldn't write any more. "Well, you know, I would just have to SNEAK!" she said.

I read an old poem named "Smith Creek No. 1" written during her earlier life on the farm, "those years of borning five young ones by myself with no doctor and washing for five on a board until four o'clock, until the sun dropped behind Gumm's Hill." Hard times. But in a later poem named "Smith Creek No. 2, Feeling Bad About Writing Smith Creek No. 1," she called back "those years of planting harvesting . . . Breathing touching . . . where the roots wind around the heart."

For the first time I understood the therapeutic power of language, the importance of the writing process itself as a way to make sense of our lives. I put aside the novel I was working on, and Lou took me and my little boys out walking in the woods. She showed them how to make frog houses and pokeberry ink; we all took off our shoes to wade in the creek, then made little plates and cups for fairies from the red clay mud.

"Here, honey," she said, leaning over to pick something up as we walked back beneath the sunset sky. "Put this in your pocket. It's good luck. And get your head out of them clouds, honey. Pay attention." We went back to sit on her porch, talking to everybody that came by. We had potato chips and moon pies for dinner.

I've been trying to pay attention ever since, finally realizing that writing is not about exalted language, or theoretical constructs, or the escapades of faraway people. It is about our own real world and our own real lives and trying to understand what happens to us, it is about playing with children and listening to neighbors. I realize that Lou is not really gone, either, as I remember her words, "We are all going in a circle, and death is not the end of our circle. It is just a word that some people have."

I stand looking at the empty porch; I finger the buckeye in my pocket.

Wilmington's first annual BooksmARTS is on the horizon. On the night of March 8, 2014, in the Lumina Theatre at UNCW, Clyde Edgerton will interview three great American writers – Lee Smith, Jill McCorkle and Randall Kenan – about their work, writing habits, pet peeves, and more. Members of book clubs will submit interview questions and the public will also be invited to ask questions at the event. Find their books at area bookstores and their latest work in the pages of Salt *magazine between now and March.*

The Secret Life of Trolls

From wartime Finland to Wilmington's Market Street, the journey of the Kuuskoski family and their magical trolls has been a true labor of love

By Gwenyfar Rohler · Photographs by Mark Steelman

Once upon a time, there was a small brick cottage with a bright red door on Market Street, near 23rd Street. Two decades ago, that little cottage became the setting of a real, live fairy tale. Or maybe it is a troll tale. At any rate, in 1992, when a small but determined Finnish family, the Kuuskoskis, took up residence there, it became a magic workshop.

This story begins long ago in Finland, during World War II. "My parents got married in 1944," Minna Kuuskoski recalls. We are sitting in the front room of the cottage, which is the retail showroom of Trolldom. The room is filled from floor to just above an adult's head with bright, colorful, soft, stuffed trolls just waiting to be hugged. It is a magical place. If ever there was a door to another dimension, this would be it.

"My father had a job in the city theater, so they were really poor," Minna continues. Actors were not in high demand during war time. To try to make ends meet, Minna's mother, Helena, began making "mascots" (or what Americans would call small stuffed animals), small stuffed dogs and cats to sell. Just finding materials during the war and its aftermath was a challenge — it was a time of scarcity. "Everything was rationed," recalls Minna, but her mother was somehow able to acquire some fabric. After Helena cut and sewed the tiny figures at the kitchen table, "they would pack her bags and she would walk for miles and miles selling her wares." The first mascots would have fit inside an adult's hand. Primarily, Helena tried to sell them to toy stores. But, like actors, toy stores were feeling the economic hardships of the war.

Then one day in 1952, without warning, a different figure began to emerge than the mascot she should have been cutting out. It had hands and feet and a head. "It was a little Buster Troll," Minna says, grinning and holding up a small, delightful furry creature. "She knew, just *knew* it was troll," Minna continues. "It came with a message: Even if today is tough, don't give up, tomorrow will be better." That has almost become the unofficial mantra of the Kuuskoski family.

The toy stores weren't easily convinced. Though trolls, known in Finnish as peikko, permeate Scandinavian folklore, they tend to show up as the bad guys. But Helena could not be deterred. "This is a friendly one!" she insisted. Slowly, people came around and, as they did, more characters appeared to Helena while she worked, each with a story. Helena realized she needed to get serious about her trolls, so she branded the business "Fauni" — the Finnish name for the Greek god of the forest. Serendipitously, a new comic strip began to appear in the Finnish newspaper drawn by the artist Tove Jansson about "Moomin Trolls" who were kind and nice. "By the early 50s, the good trolls finally wanted to be found," Minna explains. Tomorrow was, indeed, looking

SAILOR BOB
Has sailed across all
many times and is alv
tell his fun and exciti
his almost unbe
dventures.
Bob is happiest
oat – in fact he
o better place
star-gazing, or e
hot cocoa with a g
Bob's favorite food
he's a good dancer

better. Plus, out of all of Helena's creations, two of the best had just arrived: Minna was born in 1953, about a year after her brother, Johannes. "We were co-creations and co-creators," Minna grins. "It was a great way to grow up."

Around 1960, Minna continues, her parents were able to purchase some land — just a few modest acres in the woods — on which to build a home. Some magazines ran a couple of stories on this romantic artist couple making trolls and, suddenly, people started showing up to see where the trolls were made. Helena had to hire more staff to keep up with demand and eventually opened a cafeteria for the workers and the public. "There was a very popular kids' program on TV, *Circus Parrot*. They approached my mother with the idea of filming one episode where the trolls live." It was accidentally the creation of the live action theme park that would propel the Kuuskoski family forward. After the show aired they were inundated with people from all over the country, and by the late 1960s, close to 100,000 people came through each summer. In a country that had roughly the current population of Los Angeles, that's pretty remarkable. Troll Forest became the third largest tourist attraction in Finland. "And people didn't have cars there then like we have here — it was a different culture," Minna points out. There were no "rides" like you would find in an American theme park. Just people in life-size troll costumes telling stories and acting out short scenarios. But people devoured it — staying all day and sometimes coming back again and again.

For all the success of the 60s, the 70s brought the opposite. Finland occupied an unusual place during the Cold War as a neutral country with a Western European Market economy that had strong Soviet leanings and strong ties with the USSR. It was a turbulent time economically for the country and personally for the Kuuskoskis. "My parents' marriage ended and we declared bankruptcy," Minna quietly explains. "My mother was so amazing. On the day the government representative came to end operations at Fauni, she had coffee for all the employees and had all of their pay and holiday pay ready for them." This chapter was clearly ending, but the Kuuskoskis were just starting. They moved everything — including the trolls — to Toronto in 1973. It wasn't a bad place to start over: There was a large Finnish community in Toronto and the climate was very similar to back home. There, Johannes met his future wife, Nancy. "They met at a bridge table," Minna says. In 1979, Nancy joined the family formally and no one could be happier than Minna, except maybe Johannes.

"The plan was always to come to America," says Minna, but it was easier to get visas to immigrate to Canada. In 1989, the Kuuskoskis finally won the visa lottery and hurried across the border to set up camp in Buffalo, New York. They knew it would be a temporary stop: Upstate New York was showing the effects of the Rust Belt and, frankly, everyone was ready for a life that did not include snow more than six months of the year. Minna and Helena visited Wilmington for the first time in April 1993, and the beautiful city was bursting with azalea blooms creating waterfalls of color everywhere. It was T-shirt weather. They were hooked.

The family moved here in August. By now, Nancy and Johannes had three children: Jonathan, Amy, and Alexander, who were enjoying the wonders of growing up in Trolldom, surrounded by stories, trolls and creation at every turn, just like Johannes and Aunt Minna remember from their own childhoods. All seven moved into the cottage on Market Street and set up shop. Since then, every Saturday and many other days of

LINTZI
is a busy troll with a friendly
twinkle in his eyes. He desig
nd builds fantastic carous
d Ferris wheels which h
s Lintzi wheels.
es roses so muc
a few too

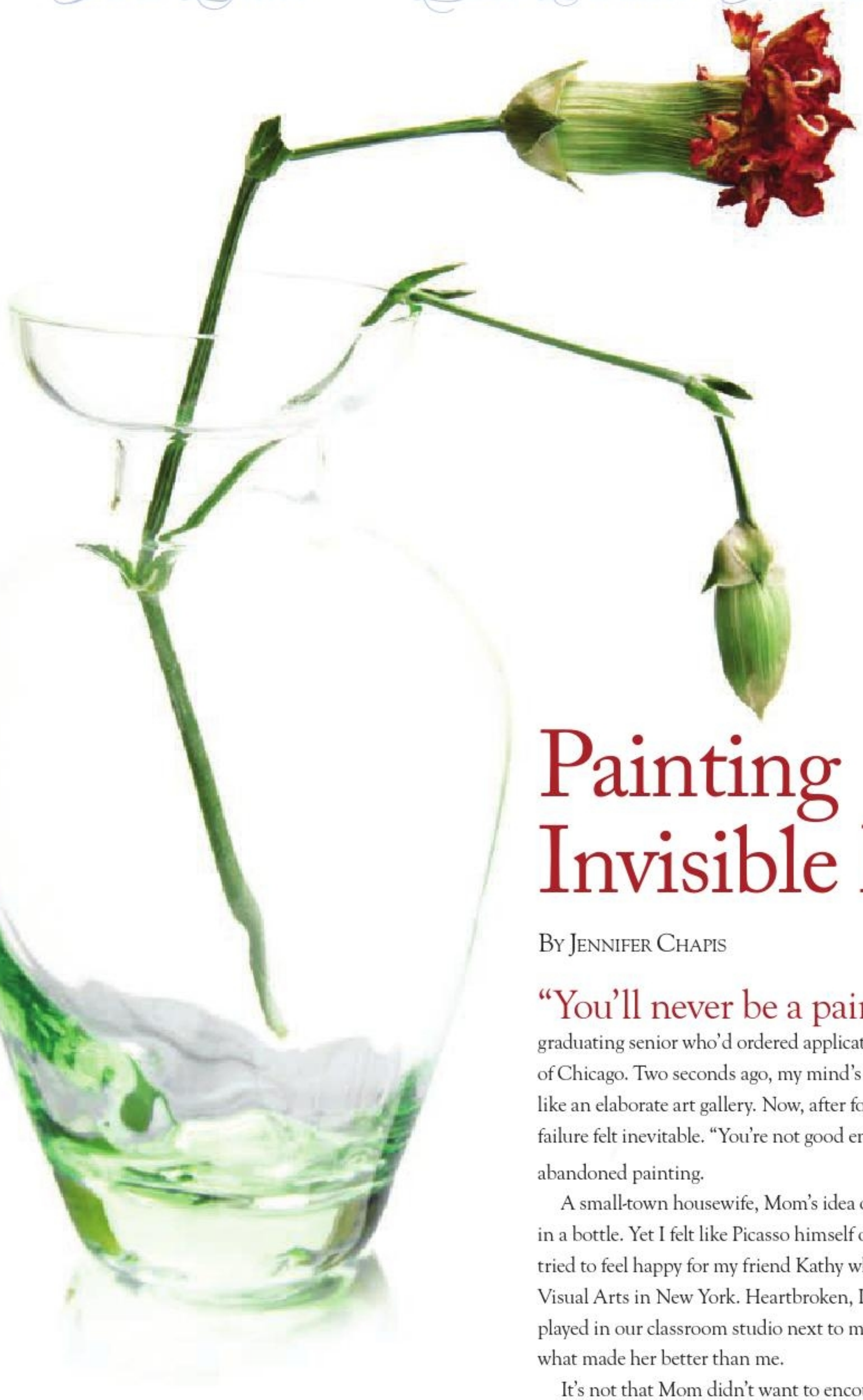
the week has been story time with trolls that are still made by hand.

It is to a certain extent the classic immigrant story: Through hard work, determination and sacrifice, a better life was found for the next generation. Jonathan, 29, is a concert pianist and director of entrepreneurship and community programs at the University of Missouri. Alexander, 27, was just awarded a Fulbright, and Amy, 25, is completing her masters degree in sports management at the University of Tennessee. "Not bad for three home-schooled kids!" Aunt Minna exclaims. It all happened in that little house on Market Street, where there was so much love that not only did they flourish — but there was always some love and joy to share with each excited child who walked in the door for story time.

Helena passed away last year at the age of 93. It has been a difficult adjustment for the family to be without such a strong matriarch. But every day, Johannes and Minna still make trolls by hand and tell stories to children small and tall. It's a phenomenal cast of characters that have developed over the years, led by Trumpet Nose, the Vaclav Havel-esque poet leader of Trolldom. He looks like a raven with his long red nose where he stores his unfinished poems.

Honey Lips, who wears a French beret, is the inventor of the Trolls-Royce car. Even though not all of his inventions work quite the way they are intended . . . it is still fun to invent them! Greenose, the plant psychiatrist, has a — you guessed it — green nose and proper fluff beard. He listens to plants and tries to help them through their emotional traumas so that they can lead happy, productive lives. A hardworking troll like Emil, the farmer troll with a big floppy yellow hat, can not only tell a whole week's weather by looking at the sky, but he is also a dab hand at bridge. But in spite of the many new and friendly faces in Trolldom, one in particular hasn't changed much in the last sixty years. Every week Minna and Johannes still cut out and stitch up new Little Busters, the mascot, as it were, of Trolldom.

First Place — Best Reader Memoirs 2014



Painting Invisible Me

By Jennifer Chapis

"You'll never be a painter," my mother said. I was a graduating senior who'd ordered applications to RISD and the Art Institute of Chicago. Two seconds ago, my mind's walls housed my framed canvases like an elaborate art gallery. Now, after four puny-yet-powerful words, my failure felt inevitable. "You're not good enough," she said. And just like that, I abandoned painting.

A small-town housewife, Mom's idea of creativity was to stick a carnation in a bottle. Yet I felt like Picasso himself ordered me to hand over my oils. I tried to feel happy for my friend Kathy when she was accepted to the School of Visual Arts in New York. Heartbroken, I studied her colorful abstractions displayed in our classroom studio next to my realistic pointillism and wondered what made her better than me.

It's not that Mom didn't want to encourage me. It's more like she didn't

know how. When I graduated first in my university class, I was afraid to give the speech before an 11,000-seat arena full of faculty, parents and peers. Although I'd studied through sleepless nights to earn straight A's, I couldn't shake the feeling that there must be some mistake. How could I be the valedictorian? I desperately needed my mother to tell me that I could do it. Instead, she said no one would blame me if I declined. Terrified I might not be smart enough to write a speech worthy of everyone's attention, I forfeited my position to a braver runner-up.

Years later, in the audience at my cousin's graduation from Syracuse University, I studied the confident valedictorian at the mic, delivering a dreadful speech. *Why doesn't she realize she sucks?* I wondered. Apparently, Mom wasn't the only one who judged people. Why did I think I needed to be perfect?

It took me a long time to learn that self-confidence does not come from listening to others' opinions. Longing for recognition I didn't receive at home caused me to seek it at school, yet I never congratulated myself when scholarships and grades were awarded. I couldn't stop working long enough to enjoy my accomplishments. I was still waiting for my mother to appreciate me.

I was a 31-year-old professor before I finally felt self-assured enough to confront her. We were admiring a picture of a polka-dotted dress, the catalog model spinning freely in sunlight. "I'm buying this for you. You work too hard," she said. Suddenly, looking at the flared skirt's joyful pattern made me angry. Even Mom's kindness felt critical.

"How come you never cared about my grades?" I asked. My stunned mother cringed, as if wounded by my question.

"I've always been proud of you," she revealed. Then she eased open a drawer, the way you might unlock a secret vault containing precious jewels. Hidden behind ankle socks were my academic awards, every honor dating back to fourth grade.

"I didn't know you noticed," I said, waiting for the pile of certificates to dissolve like a mirage.

"Whenever I'm feeling low, I look at them," she explained.

Outside acknowledgment will never yield personal fulfillment, but hearing her recognize me helped me recognize myself. It was me who didn't believe in me. As she awkwardly placed her hand on mine, I felt the nebulous boundaries of my being solidify. Silent applause sounded inside my body. I could suddenly see myself, surrounded by accolades I'd forgotten.

"I know how you feel," Mom explained in an apologetic voice. Apparently, it wasn't easy for her to give support she herself never received. My grandmother was a harsh-tongued alcoholic who hid vodka bottles behind the houseplants. "*Stop being a baby,*" Nana snapped when Mom called crying after the first time putting me on the school bus. And when Mom announced that she wanted to be a psychologist, her father laughed: "You're not smart enough."

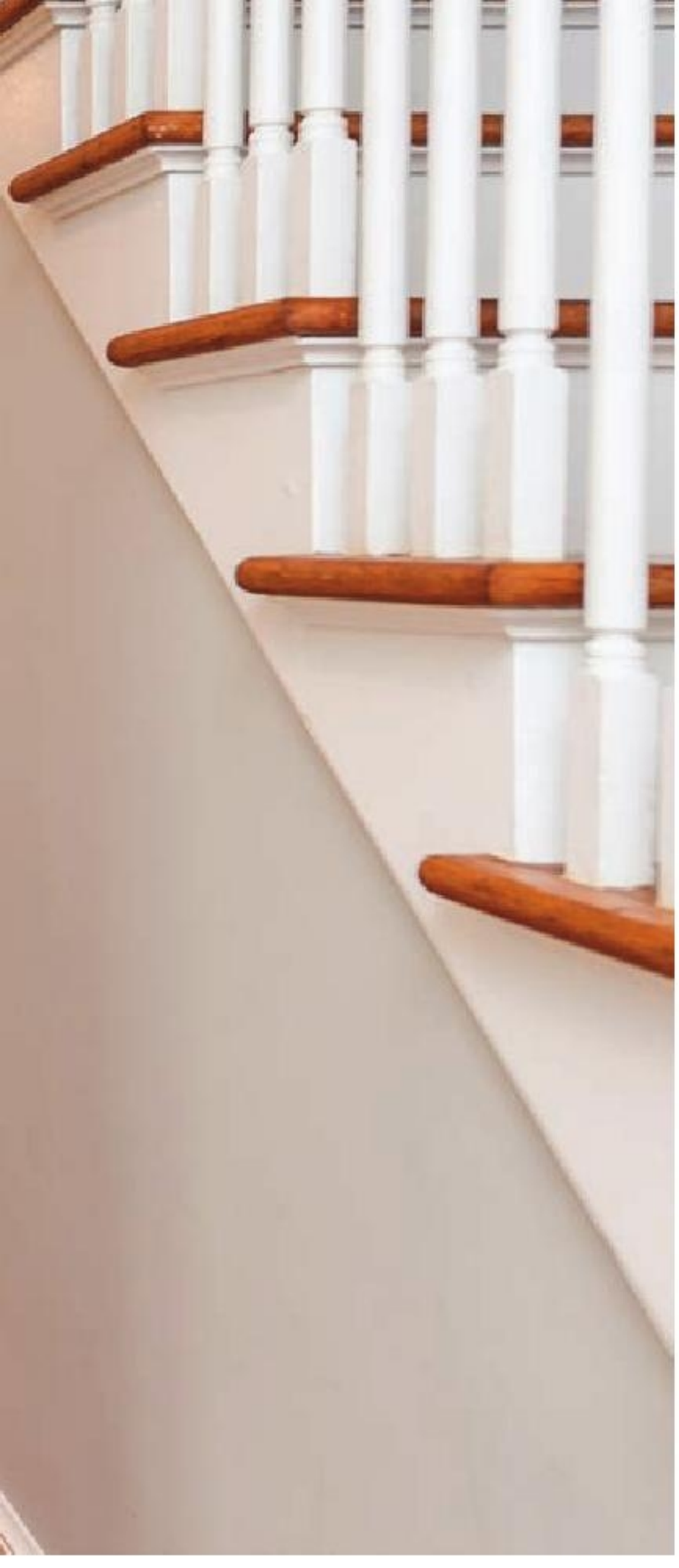
A worrier and a warrior both, my mother is an opinionated powerhouse with a frightened girl inside. I know now that she wasn't intending to hurt me when she dismissed my valedictorian speech. She thought she was comforting me by alleviating the pressure. "I would've been petrified if I were you," she clarified. "I wanted you to know I love you no matter what."

Shortcomings aside, my mother worked hard to do better than her parents. I can't imagine growing up in a home where no one tells you they love you. Her father cried when she was born because he wanted a boy. And he told her so. Mom cried when I was born because there was nothing she wanted more than me.

Looking back, I always knew how important I was to my mother. Even when I didn't know. I will never forget the time we were shopping for prom shoes together. A car careened through the display window where we were deciding between open-toe silk and closed-toe satin. The shattering glass sounded like gunshots. Before I knew what'd happened, my 5'2" mother threw 5'8" me out of danger's way, jumped on top of me, and shielded the flying glass shards with her own body.

Maybe she was too depressed to bake birthday cakes or help with homework, but in obvious and less-than obvious ways, Mom always had my back. Two years ago, I happened upon paintings by my old friend Kathy in a New York gallery. Her stunning mixed media on panel gave me goose bumps. I was shocked to learn from her bio that our high school teacher had encouraged Kathy to apply to art school. This prompted me to search my parents' basement for my old paintings. Surprise. My mother saved every one of my perfect-yet-boring depictions of Robert Smith and Sid Vicious. *Mom may have been right about this one,* I thought, realizing how unusually loving it is to be honest with your children. Realizing how deeply I trusted her even then. Realizing it was my good choice to quit painting. Not my mother's.

New to Wilmington, Jennifer Chapis is an energy healer specializing in relationships and self-love. Her writing has appeared in The New Yorker *and* McSweeney's.



The Family House

For 75 years the historic home on Fifteenth Street has been the ideal house for families, a case of history repeating itself

By Ashley Wahl · Photographs by Rick Ricozzi

Once the leaves of the towering sycamores of Oakdale Cemetery have fallen, mottled branches stark against the bright winter sky, the gabled roof of 411 North Fifteenth Street is nearly visible from Leslie N. Boney Sr.'s memorial. Certainly the architect is known for more prominent structures. But Perry and Emily Allen have found their 1939 brick Colonial Revival to be as fascinating as any historic building in Wilmington.

Inside, where 6-year-old Kiah launches into an airborne somersault over the family room couch before chasing Scuttle, a sweet-tempered but slightly anxious schnoodle (schnauzer-poodle), up the stairs and through a remarkably tidy playroom, it's never dull. Just ask big sister, Laney, who celebrates her 10th birthday this month.

Welcome to the Allen residence, where shag rugs make floor space kid-friendly and colorful light boxes spell F-A-M-I-L-Y on the wall. Between Kiah and Scuttle (whose namesake is a clumsy but friendly seagull from *The Little Mermaid*), the house resounds with a symphony of squeals, barks, giggles, and the pitter-patter of little feet across the wooden floors. Laney is too old for couch acrobatics. She practices at Carolina Gymnastics Academy twice a week, and has medaled in a number of competitions. In her room, an Alice blue suite where a merry band of stuffed

CHICAGO·BLUES·FESTIVAL

LET'S EAT

panda bears huddles on top of a cheery bedspread, a dazzling display of awards dominates the back corner. But Laney has many interests. On walks through nearby Oakdale, for instance, she recites stories about the lives of the dead, real tales she absorbed while reading up on the history of Wilmington's first rural cemetery.

"I like history a lot," says Laney.

When asked what she likes most about this old house, which is still pretty new to her, she doesn't skip a beat. "It's closer to our friends and it's closer to school, which means I get to sleep in a little bit later."

Plus, she adds, "My room is huge!"

Perry and Emily came to Wilmington separately. They could have crossed paths dozens of times as pharmacy students at UNC-Chapel Hill, but, for some reason, didn't. When they met in 1996, Emily was interning at Novant Health Brunswick Medical Center, where Perry was (and still is) the pharmacy manager. They were engaged within the year, and married in 1997. After years of trying to have children, they adopted Laney from an orphanage in China in March 2005. At the time, they were living in a new construction home off River Road.

In a few years, the Allens would enroll Laney in the preschool program at First Presbyterian Church, but Emily wanted to live closer to her parents and sister. And so they moved out to Magnolia Greens in Leland, where they lived in a patio home, which, like their last house, was also brand new. The setup was ideal, especially when they adopted baby Kiah from Vietnam. But once Kiah started preschool, with Laney practicing gymnastics, Emily changed her mind.

"Our daughter goes to school at St. Mary," says Emily, who is seated in a bright red parson chair at the narrow wooden table/booth in the dining area. As the sunlight pours in through the sash windows, her fine blonde hair shines like gold filament. "I was driving back and forth across the bridge many, many times a day," she continues, which is ultimately what prompted her to start looking for property in downtown Wilmington.

In 2011, they made an offer on a condo on Front Street — if they were going to live downtown, Perry wanted to live *downtown*, says Emily — but that didn't work out. By good fortune. When they entered the house in Winoca Terrace, with its spacious backyard and garage, a sense of comfort enveloped them. Sure, they wanted to make changes. Knock out a few walls and give the space a modern touch. But this was it.

In 1912, a century before the Allen family enters this narrative, the *Morning Star* announced the winner of a citywide contest to name Wilmington's newest streetcar suburb, now considered an overlay district of Carolina Heights. Eleven-year-old Mollie Beach received five dollars for coming up with the name, Winoca [Terrace], a simple if somewhat compressed abbreviation of Wilmington, North Carolina. When the county announced plans to build New Hanover High School — designed by Leslie N. Boney Sr., Perry points out — the development started gaining traction. And then the Depression hit. Construction on the brick house at 411 North Fifteenth Street began in 1939. Despite lean times, Lawrence and Elsie Hiatt managed to complete the house, using, in part, the money from the sale of Elsie's mother's house. When they moved in, they shared the house with Elsie's mother and sister, a maiden lady the kids called Aunt Billie.

The Hiatt family owned the house until 1994, then sold it to U.S. Navy Captain Morris Elsen and his wife, Delilah.

Before the Allen family moved in, the Elsens hosted a Hail and Farewell party at the house and invited all the neighbors.

"There must have been fifty people in there," says Emily, recalling the way the Elsens' formal dining room looked before she and Perry converted it into a master suite.

And when the Elsens handed over the key, the Allens were delighted to discover that they had left a stack of new books for the children, including *Moving Day* and, since the critters are constantly skittering up the huge oak tree that the back deck wraps around, *Scaredy Squirrel*. On the refrigerator was a note: "Welcome home."

Since they signed the paperwork in 2012, the Allens have developed a keen interest in the history of this house. Perry, in particular.

"He's the one who discovered that you can see the house from Mr. Boney's grave site," says Emily. He also looked up Larry Hiatt, hoping he might share stories about the house he grew up in.

When Larry visited last fall, he approached the familiar front door with its fluted pilasters and broken pediment, but when he came inside, says Emily, "it took him a while to get his bearings."

"I was surprised to see the master bedroom there when you walked in," says Larry.

Plantation blinds. Muted gray walls with crisp white trim. Schoolhouse pendant lights. The space, which is bright and airy, looked more like Ikea

FAM
ILY

than the house where he and his brother, Carl, spent their childhood, but the memories came flooding back.

The casual dining area, which seamlessly flows into an open kitchen with blinding white quartz countertops and modern appliances, was their formal dining room, explained Larry Hiatt. The Allens were surprised to learn that there used to be a tiny breakfast room between the dining room and the kitchen. He remembers watching his mother can vegetables in the tiny kitchen, and that she made roast beef and potatoes nearly every Sunday.

Larry's daddy, Lawrence Hiatt, was a division manager for the furniture department at Sears. He'd grown up on a farm, so he always had a garden, which was nearly as prolific as the pear tree out back.

"The birds and squirrels tend to get to them before we do," says Perry.

Daddy wouldn't have let that happen, says Larry. His father owned hunting dogs.

In 1964, Lawrence got a building permit for an addition to the back of the house. Although the Allens added a door that leads to what used to be Mr. Hiatt's workshop, Larry recalls his mother banging on the back wall to announce supper.

For the Allens, the space is a laundry room, which they are working to finish. Next, Perry plans to convert the attic into a man cave.

"Emily doesn't like climbing the pull-down stairs," he says.

Upstairs hasn't changed much. Larry and his brother shared what's now Kiah's bedroom, and, although the toys are different, Kiah's playroom is where Larry and Carl would amuse themselves for hours with their model trains. Laney's suite used to be two bedrooms. Mother and Daddy slept in the front room, says Larry. Mimi and Aunt Billie shared the suite.

As it was then, so it is now. This is a family house.

Since 2014 marks seventy-five years since the house was constructed — making it eligible for a Historic Wilmington Foundation Plaque — their New Year's resolution is a no-brainer.

"We plan to apply for it and celebrate with a plaque party," says Perry.

Larry Hiatt and his family will be invited. As will the Elsens.

And, who knows, maybe after the guests have left, they might go for a walk and check out the view from Mr. Boney's memorial.

Sally's Garden

In a neighborhood where people come and go, the beautiful garden of Sally Jernigan is a small wonder

By Gwenyfar Rohler

Photographs by Mark Steelman

Remember that children, marriages, and flower gardens reflect the kind of care they get.

— H. Jackson Brown, Jr., author of Life's Little Instruction Book

It is doubtful that Sally Jernigan and Mr. Brown ever met. But one look at the blooming flower boxes on the front of her house reveals that this ardent gardener is living proof of the veracity of Brown's observation. "They have screen in the bottom so they don't get so heavy," Jernigan explains. "You can change the pots out all year and keep them looking nice."

Since 1984, Jernigan and her husband, Robert, have nurtured their little cottage on Klein Road. They are sort of an anomaly in a neighborhood that has seen a lot of turnover. "People always leave," Jernigan observes, shaking her head. "They say the houses are so small and so old, but they come back to walk their dogs!" The World War II-era houses off 23rd Street are indeed small — built to be temporary housing during the boom of wartime — but they are cozy on lots so close you feel like you could shake hands through your side windows. Such near proximity encourages people to get out and meet the neighbors. Maybe that's why they come back to walk their dogs.

Many see this neighborhood as made of "starter homes." Not so the Jernigans — they have bloomed where they were planted. Entering the yard from the driveway is like walking into a sale at the farmers market: Potted plants cover every surface, every level and even hang from poles. "Do you go to auctions?" Jernigan asks. "I love the auctions." Which explains why she has a cafeteria silverware dispenser that has been up-cycled into a six-piece planter, sewing machine bases for various plants, even old boots and clogs bursting with blooms. These found treasures create a folk art vibe within the garden.

"I have about fifty potted ivies . . ." says Jernigan. "Tons of bromeliads . . . Momma had ivies, that's part of why I love them, I guess." She flashes an endearing smile, and recounts losing both her parents during the same semester when she was in college. It's a heart-rending story in spite of the kind, calm, matter-of-fact voice that tells it. But Momma's plants still needed to be cared for; it was a connection they could still share.

Jernigan leads us into the backyard, which is not so much a backyard as a botanical patchwork quilt of her family's memories. At the centerpiece is a solid rectangular greenhouse which, Jernigan proudly shares, has withstood every hurricane since it was assembled in 1993. Before that she had a geodesic dome variety that had to be covered with plastic every winter. "I was very, very pregnant with Molly," she remembers. Wrapping the dome in plastic during her last trimester was not going to work. "They are nice to go into in the wintertime," she says, running her hand appreciatively on the door frame.

Surrounding the greenhouse are raised beds in a medieval-medicine-

garden style reminiscent of Sir Derek Jacobi's healing gardens from the *Brother Cadfael* series. Wooden rectangles with sundials and trellises made from the rings of wine barrels support herbs, pots of chrysanths add color, and along the side, blue Riesling bottles edge a raised bed that waves off to a mantis garden sculpture made by Jernigan's husband from motorcycle handlebars. "I've got to work around the shade from that black walnut, the pecan and the maple," says Jernigan, gesturing at the trees. She mentions that an overgrowth of privet recently came down, which has improved some of her sunlight situation.

Two decades later, the baby, Molly, is now majoring in global studies at UNC. "She made dean's list," her proud mother mentions. Like many children, Molly had to get away from home to find her roots. Though she would keep her mother company while Sally gardened, Molly was never really into plants. "I gave her some to take to college," Jernigan laughs. The philodendron and succulents didn't make it through the first Christmas break. Jernigan almost burst when she heard that Molly's assigned work study at school was at the arboretum. "I said, 'Oh my gosh! I've been trying for 19 years to get you dirty and here you are!'" Jernigan's delight spills over into giggles.

We pause next to the garage by the crabapple saplings where Mia, resident feline, is weaving among the pots. Mia was found under the neighbor's house over a decade ago. "She was just a little bitty thing — but she was mewing louder than the dogs were barking at her," Jernigan notes. That early display of a strong personality hasn't diminished.

Like many gardeners, Jernigan gets almost as much joy from sharing the bounty of her green thumb as from watching it flourish. Making terrariums seems to combine not just her love of plants, but the design skills from her art degree to make lovely gifts for her friends and neighbors. Creeping Jenny, aluminum plants, fichus, strawberry begonias and baby

tears are layered together to create depth and texture. Jernigan adds figurines to some for a little whimsy. Terrariums became popular in England in the 1800s as a way to transport and preserve species in inhospitable climates. Largely popularized by the research and writings of Dr. Nathaniel Ward, soon it was the fashionable thing for every drawing room to have a "Wardian case" filled with ferns and exotic plants not designed to survive the English winter. "The worst thing you can do is overwater them," notes Jernigan. Longtime member and past president of the Hobby Greenhouse Club, Jernigan recommends a workshop for people interested in getting started with terrariums. "That way everybody brings things and you share it around." Materials can get expensive and someone is bound to show up with a plant you've never seen before. Anyway, it's always more fun to create with friends, isn't it?

The day is wearing on, and we must leave, but first Jernigan offers us cuttings from her yard. What would we like? I finger the delicate leaves of an ivy plant and admire the limes she has almost ready for harvest. It's all so beautiful, but also so perfectly a part of where it is that I can't bear to remove anything. I shake my head and decline her offer, asking instead to come back and visit in the spring.

ALMANAC

January

By Noah Salt

What Would Ben Do?

In 1726, 20-year-old Ben Franklin — author of *Poor Richard's Almanac* — wrote down his thirteen virtues of a successful life. We thought a New Year refresher couldn't hurt.

Temperance. Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

Silence. Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation

Order. Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have it's time.

Resolution. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform what you resolve without fail.

Frugality. Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; i.e., waste nothing.

Industry. Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

Sincerity. Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly. If you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice. Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation. Avoid extremes.

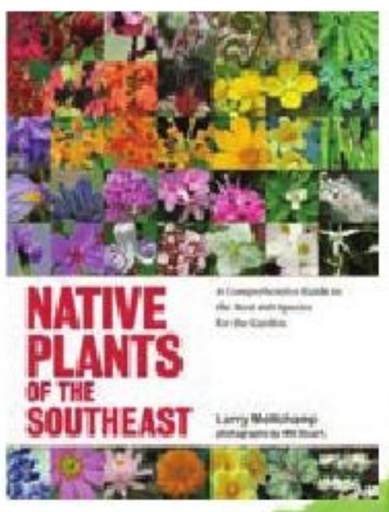
Cleanliness. Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, cloaths, or habitation.

Tranquility. Be not disturbed at trifles, or accidents common or unavoidable.

Chastity. Rarely use venery but for health or offspring; never to dullness or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

Humility. Imitate Jesus or Socrates.

Into the Southern Wild



New gardening books always brighten our day , and this winter brings the usual crop of promising titles. The one that captured our fancy straight off, however, is Timber Press' *Native Plants of the Southeast* by Larry Mellichamp, a comprehensive guide to the best 460 species for the garden. Mellichamp, Director of the University of North Carolina at Charlotte's Botanical Garden, profiles hundreds of trees, shrubs, vines, wildflowers, the other native plants that call the Southeast home and adapt well to garden cultivation. With concise but comprehensive profiles of plants and how they might best be used in conventional garden settings, lavishly enhanced by photography by veteran wildflower photographer Will Stuart, this book should become the go-to resource for Southern gardeners eager to break out of the "local garden center mode" and truly express their botanical individuality. Retail: $39.95. Available at area bookstores or through Timberpress.com.

"Reflect upon your present blessings,
Of which every man has plenty;
Not on your past misfortunes,
Of which all men have some."

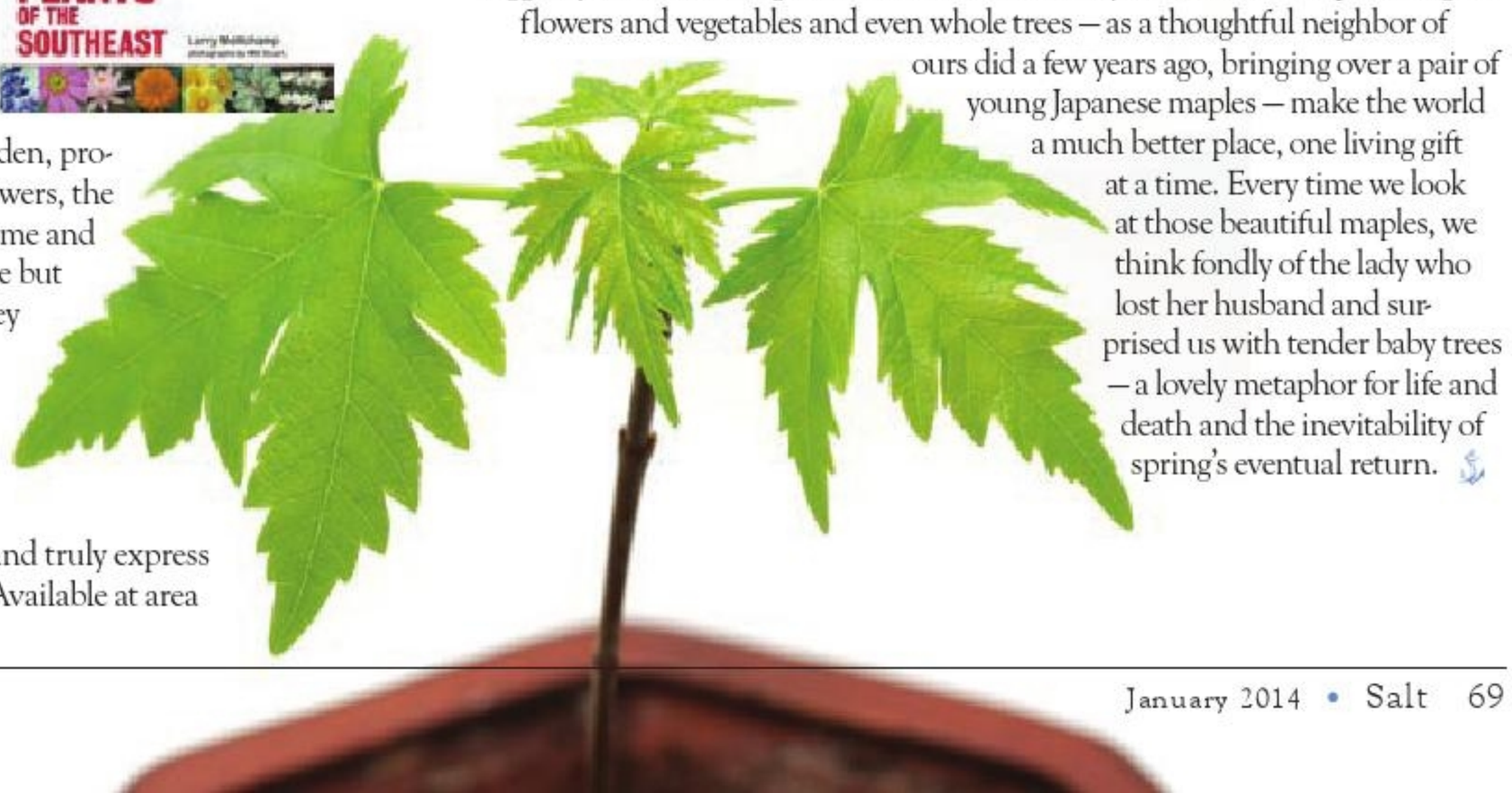
— Charles Dickens (1812–1870)

A Favorite Winter Plant

Daphne *odora* – aka "Winter Daphne" – is a delightful evergreen shrub, native to China and Japan, that often produces a bounty of fragrant pale pink blooms and sometimes red berries come late January and February. Though Winter Daphne is relatively short lived — ten to twelve years is the norm — the rewards, if placed in a moist and rich loamy soil near a patio or terrace, pruned little and largely left alone, will be appreciated by anyone who loves the garden in winter. Your nose will thank you.

Give and Grow in 2014

Out with the old, in with the new. Go do good and don't look back. Everyone has a favorite expression for ringing in the high hopes for a new and unblemished year. Some years ago, citing a dodgy track record on the subject, we took inspiration from a gardening friend who abandoned making specific New Year resolutions and aimed instead for a generally low-key goal of being more fulfilled by wanting fewer material things and giving more . If there's anyplace ideal for growing your own human compassion in the unmarked days ahead, not to mention deepening your connection to the ground beneath your feet, might we suggest you start a new garden and share its bounty with others? People who give flowers and vegetables and even whole trees — as a thoughtful neighbor of ours did a few years ago, bringing over a pair of young Japanese maples — make the world a much better place, one living gift at a time. Every time we look at those beautiful maples, we think fondly of the lady who lost her husband and surprised us with tender baby trees — a lovely metaphor for life and death and the inevitability of spring's eventual return.



January 2014

Arts Calendar

Viewing of *The Merchant of Venice*

1/2

New Year's Romp

1/4

Downton Abbey premiere at the Library

1/5

1/2 Shakespeare Club Film

7:30 p.m. *The Merchant of Venice*. Running time: 2 hours, 18 minutes. Admission: $8. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org.

1/2–5 Live Theater

8 p.m.; 3 p.m. (Sunday) City Stage presents *Cabaret*. Tickets: $20–25. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wimington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org.

1/4 New Year's Romp

9 a.m. New Year's Romp features 5K, 10K and 1-mile races through historic Downtown. Proceeds benefit Communities in Schools of Cape Fear. Race begins at 20 North Fourth Street, Wilmington. Registration: www.ciscapefear.org/new-years-romp.

1/4 Joyful Me

5:15 p.m. Guided Meditation Energy Workshop. Release worry, cultivate joy and shine out your radiant self. Cost: $20. Groove Jet Salon, 112 Princess Street, Wilmington. Info: www.alllovehealing.com.

1/5 *Downton Abbey*

2 p.m. Watch the premiere of the fourth season of *Downton Abbey*. Includes light English tea buffet and a talk by UNCW history chairman Dr. Paul Townend. Free admission. Northeast Regional Library, 1241 Military Cutoff Road, Wilmington. Info: www.nhclibrary.org.

1/6 Book Discussion

6:30–8 p.m. Free public discussion of *The Things They Carried* by Tim O'Brien; Big Read Greater Wilmington discussion led by Myrtle Grove librarian Patricia Dew, a staff sergeant in the 208 Reserve. Northeast Regional Library, 1241 Military Cutoff Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6323.

1/9 Jazz at the CAM

6:30 p.m. Cameron Art Museum and Cape Fear Jazz Society present the Gregg Gelb Jazzet. Admission: $12; $8/members; $5/students. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South 17th Street, Wilmington. Info: www.cameronartmuseum.com.

1/9–11 Live Theater

8 p.m.; 3 p.m. (Sunday) City Stage presents *Cabaret*. Tickets: $20–25. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wimington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org.

1/11 Hidden Battleship

8:30 a.m. & 1:30 p.m. A four-hour behind-the-scenes tour of un-restored areas of the Battleship *North Carolina*. Limited to forty participants ages 16 and older. Not appropriate for those with difficulty climbing narrow ladders. Admission: $45–50. Reservations required. Battleship *North Carolina*, 1 Battleship Road, Wilmington. Info: www.battleshipnc.com.

1/11 BB King in Concert

8 p.m. An evening with legendary bluesman BB King. Admission: $57–67. Odell Williamson Auditorium, Brunswick Community College, 50 College Road Northwest, Supply. Info: (910) 755-7416 or www.bccowa.com.

1/12 Books to Movies

2 p.m. Free screening of a movie starring Ben Affleck based on a book by Antonio J. Mendez. Bring your own snacks. Northeast Regional Library, 1241 Military Cutoff Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6371 or www.nhclibrary.org.

1/13 Symphony Auditions

New member auditions for the Wilmington Symphony Orchestra. Interested musicians must schedule an audition time by email. Visit website for an application form. UNCW Cultural Arts Building, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: www.wilmingtonsymphony.org; orchestramgr@wilmingtonsymphony.org.

1/13 Book Discussion

6:30–8 p.m. Free public discussion of *The Things They Carried* by Tim O'Brien; Big Read Greater Wilmington discussion led by Virtual Services Librarian Rachel Langlois. Myrtle Grove Branch Library, 5155 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6323.

1/14 Meet the Author

6–8 p.m. Meet Tim O'Brien, author of this year's Big Read Greater Wilmington book, *The Things They Carried*. Dress in 60s styles and dance to Vietnam War-era tunes. Free program; refreshments provided. Northeast Regional Library, 1242 Military Cutoff Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6323.

BB King in Concert

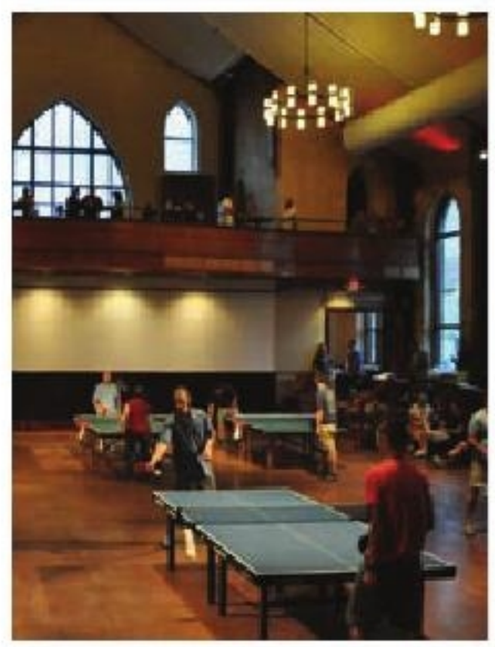
1/11

Hidden Battleship

1/11

Courtyards & Cobblestones

1/18



Ping Pong Throwdown

1/24

1/15 Big Read Lecture
7 p.m. Greater Wilmington Big Read Keynote Presentation features a lecture and book signing with Tim O'Brien, author of *The Things They Carried*. UNCW, Kenan Auditorium, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or www.thebigreadwilmington.com.

1/16 Art Gallery Opening
5:30–7 p.m. Opening Reception for Biennial Faculty Exhibition. Free admission. UNCW Cultural Arts Building, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-7958 or www.uncw.edu.

1/17 Acoustic Concert
7 p.m. An evening with Richard Smith (national finger pick guitar champion) and Julie Adams (conservatory trained cellist). Admission: $15. Limited seating. WHQR Gallery, 254 North Front Street, Wilmington. Info: www.whqr.org.

1/17 Pre-Azalea Party
7 p.m. North Carolina Azalea Festival Pre-Festival Party features live music by Sleeping Booty, heavy hors d'oeuvres, beer and wine. Cash cocktail bar also available. Admission: $50. Hilton Wilmington Riverside, 301 North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 794-4650.

1/17 James Gregory Show
8 p.m. *The Funniest Man in America*. Clean comedy for ages 12–112. Tickets: $22–50. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org.

1/17–18 Annual StriperFest
Cape Fear River Watch StriperFest is a two-day event designed to raise awareness and celebrate the Cape Fear fishery. Activities include: Banquet and Auction (Friday); Community Education Day, and Tag and Release Striped Bass Tournament (Saturday). Coastline Conference and Event Center, 501 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-5606 or www.capefearriverwatch.org.

1/18 Battle of Fort Fisher
10 a.m. – 4 p.m. The 149th anniversary of the Battle of Fort Fisher commemorates the important Civil War battle and subsequent fall of Wilmington. Free admission. Fort Fisher State Historic Site, 1610 Fort Fisher Boulevard South, Kure Beach. Info: www.nchistoricsites.org/fisher.

1/18 Courtyards & Cobblestones
4–8 p.m. Experience six themed reception and ceremony sites on a self-guided tour through Wilmington's oldest landmarks. Top area wedding professionals will showcase their products and services; chance to win jewelry giveaways from Reeds' Jewelers. Admission: $18/online; $25/at the door. Downtown Wilmington. Info: www.courtyardsandcobblestones.com

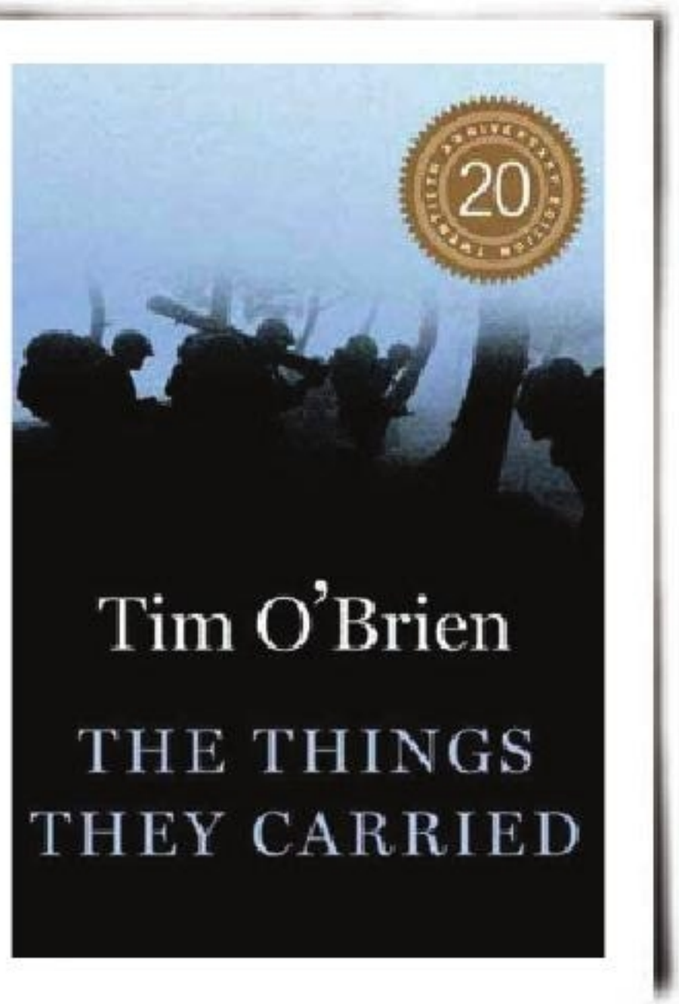
1/19 Wedding Open House
11 a.m – 2 a.m. Sip complimentary mimosas and tour an iconic 125-year-old church, manse and the largest private courtyard in Wilmington. Brooklyn Arts Center, 516 North Fourth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-2939 or www.brooklynartsnc.com.

1/19 Live Theater
3 p.m. *Beanstalk: A Moo-sical Retelling of Jack and the Beanstalk* presented by Pied Piper Theatre and the Junior League of Wilmington. Bring the children. Admission: $10. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org.

1/20 Memorial Parade
12 p.m. The annual Martin Luther King, Jr. Memorial Parade. Free admission. Downtown Wilmington (Front Street). Info: www.mlkjrcelebration-senc10.com/schedule.htm.

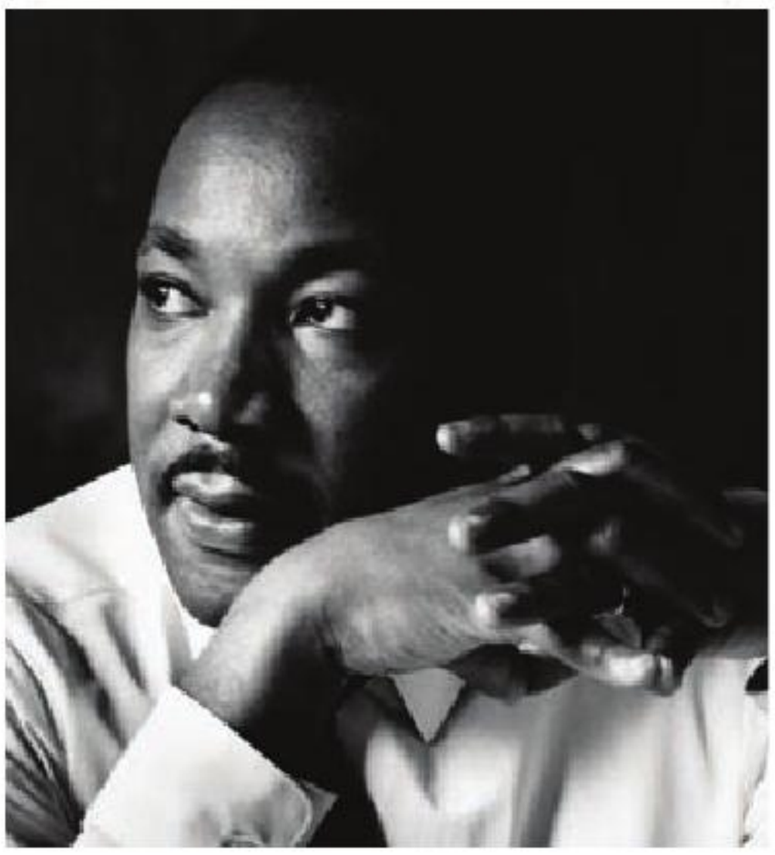
1/23 Antique Show & Party
7–9 p.m. Over thirty-five dealers from ten states showcase a wide selection of antique furniture, jewelry, linens, silver, glassware and more. Presented by North Carolina Junior Sorosis and North Carolina Sorosis; proceeds benefit Mother Hubbard's Cupboard. Tickets: $25; reservations requested. Coastline Conference & Event Center, 501 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 799-1324.

1/23 North Carolina Symphony
7:30 p.m. *Dvorák's 7th Symphony*. Featuring Brian Reagin on violin; Christian Knapp, conductor. Tickets: $24–50. Kenan Auditorium, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or www.uncw.edu/arts.



Big Read Lecture

1/15



Memorial Parade

1/20

1/23 Hotel California

7:30 p.m. Eagles tribute band in concert. Admission: $10–29. Odell Williamson Auditorium, Brunswick Community College, 50 College Road Northwest, Supply. Info: (910) 755-7416 or www.bccowa.com.

1/24 Ruthie Foster Concert

8 p.m. Acclaimed blues singer Ruthie Foster fuses folk, gospel, jazz and country. Admission: $14–28. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalianhall.org.

1/24–26 Antique Show & Sale

10 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Friday, Saturday & Sunday) Over thirty-five dealers from ten states showcase a wide selection of antique furniture, jewelry, linens, silver, glassware and more. Metals and crystal restoration specialists will be on-site. Presented by North Carolina Junior Sorosis and North Carolina Sorosis; proceeds provide academic scholarships and provide assistance to various local organizations. Admission: $7. Coastline Conference & Event Center, 501 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 799-1324.

1/24 Ping Pong Throwdown

6:15 p.m. Eight players, cool tunes, cash prizes for top finishers. Play for fun or play for keeps. Food trucks and cash bar available. Registration opens at 4:30 p.m. Player fee: $10; non-player admission: $5. Brooklyn Arts Center, 516 North Fourth Street, Wilmington. Info: www.brooklynartsnc.com.

1/25 Backyard BBQ Cook-off

9:30 a.m. Thirty teams of grilling cooks compete; judges pick winners based on individual rubs, sauces or marinades, grill temperature and methods of cooking. Live music by The Cut, Bibis Ellison, and Machine Gun, plus raffles and arts and craft vendors. Free admission. Proceeds benefit Step Up For Soldiers. Carolina Beach Lake Park, Atlanta Avenue, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 431-8122.

1/25–26 Model Railroad Show

10 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Saturday); 10 a.m. – 4 p.m. (Sunday) Annual Cape Fear Model Railroad Show and Sale features model railroad dealers plus "O" and "O27" scale, "G" scale and "HO" scale layouts. Admission: $3–5; kids under 6 admitted free. American Legion Post 10, 702 Pine Grove Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 270-2696 or www.capefearmodelrailroadsociety.org.

1/25–26 National Police Day

10 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Saturday); 1–5 p.m. (Sunday) Free museum admission for retired and active police officers. Bellamy Mansion Museum, 501 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-3700 or www.bellamymansion.org.

1/26 Beethoven 5K/15K

9 a.m. Distant event at Brunswick Forrest featuring 5K and 15K races, and 15K walk; costumes encouraged. Proceeds benefit the Wilmington Symphony and its youth education programs. Individual and four-person team entry categories available. Registration: wilmingtonsymphony.org.

1/26 Music at First Concert

5 p.m. Cape Fear Chamber Players perform a piano trio and string quartet. Free admission. First Presbyterian Church, 125 South Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-6688 or www.firstonthird.org.

1/26 Chamber Music Concert

7:30 p.m. Chamber Music Wilmington presents "Collage: Music and Poetry," a multi-discipline performance piece created by poet Mwatabu Okantah and the Cavani String Quartet. Tickets: $26. Student and active military discounts available. Beckwith Recital Hall, UNCW Cultural Arts Building, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 962-3500. Info: (910) 343-1079 or www.chambermusicwilmington.org.

1/29 Big Read Event

4 p.m. A screening of award-winning documentary *Vietnam Nurses*; part of a series celebrating this year's Big Read book, *The Things They Carried* by Tim O'Brien. Free admission. UNCW Randall Library, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-2170 or www.thebigreadwilmington.com.

1/30 National Theatre in HD

2 p.m. Live broadcast of Donmar Warehouse's production of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, in HD. Admission: $18–20. Osher Lifelong Learning Institute, 620 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3195 or www.uncw.edu/olli.

1/30–2/9 Live Theater

8 p.m.; 3 p.m. (Sundays) Thalian Association presents *Big River: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Tickets: $15–30. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Box Office: (910) 632-2285. Info: www.thalian.org.

WEEKLY HAPPENINGS

Tuesday Cape Fear Blues Jam

8 p.m. A unique gathering of the area's finest blues musicians. Bring your instrument and join the fun. No cover charge. The Rusty Nail, 1310 South Fifth Avenue. Info: (910) 251-1888 or www.capefearblues.org.

Tuesday Improv Comedy

8 p.m. LitProv: Long Form Improv at Old Books on Front Street, 249 North Front Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-6657 or oldbooksonfrontst.com.

Wednesday Free Hot Tea

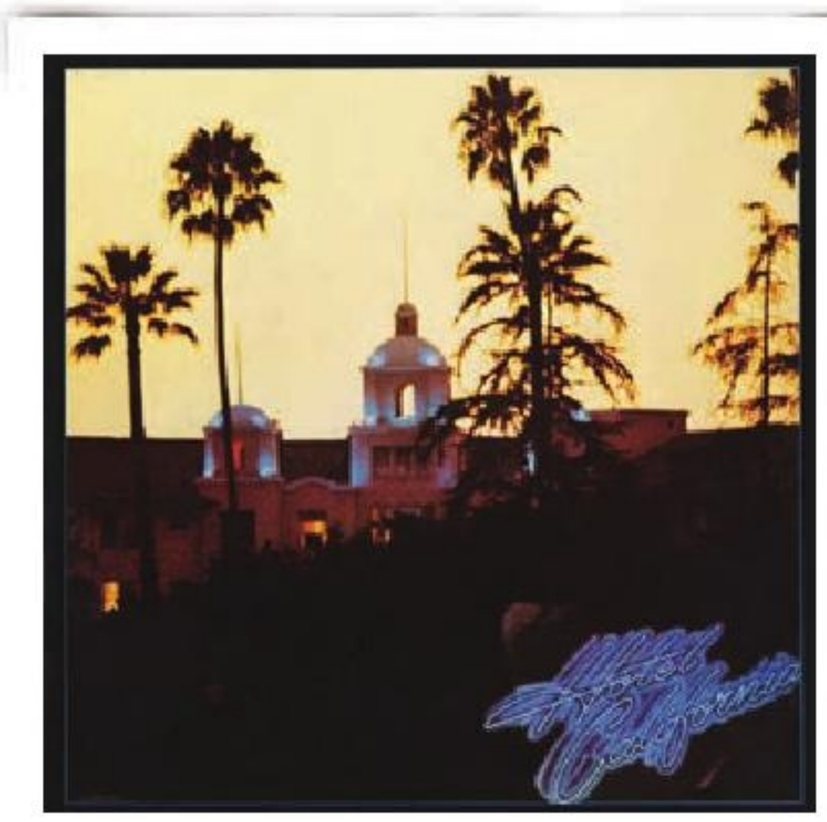
11 a.m. – 12 p.m. January is National Hot Tea Month. Sample a cup of loose-leaf tea every week starting Wednesday, January 8. All tea-lovers welcome. The Senior Center, 2222 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6409.

Wednesday T'ai Chi at CAM

12–1 p.m. Qigong (Practicing the Breath of Life) with Martha Gregory. Open to beginner and experienced participants. Members: $5. Non-members: $8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South 17th Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.com.

Wednesday Free Wine Tasting

5–6:30 p.m. For this week's special, visit Sweet n Savory Cafe on Facebook. Sweet n Savory Cafe, 1611 Pavilion Place, Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-0115 or www.sweetnsavorycafe.com.



Eagles tribute band concert

1/23

Wednesday Free Beer Tasting

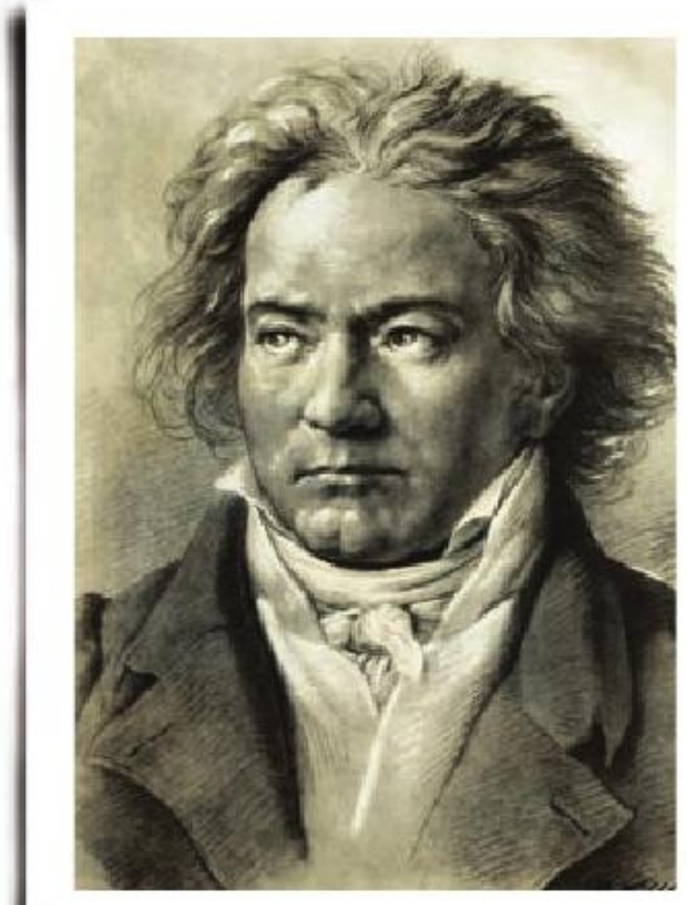
5–6:30 p.m. For this week's special, visit Sweet n Savory Pub on Facebook. Sweet n Savory Pub, 2012 Eastwood Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 679-8101 or www.thepubatsweetnsavory.com.

Wednesday Guided Meditation

6:15–7:15 p.m. A growing community of people who desire connection within themselves and with others. McKay Healing Arts, 4916 Wrightsville Avenue, Wilmington. Donation: $10–15. Info: (949) 547-4402 or allovehealing.com.

Wednesday ComedyNOW

8 p.m. Local, regional and national acts, open mics, standup, films and more. Bar and kitchen open. Tickets: $3. TheatreNOW, 19 South Tenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-3669 or www.theatrewilmington.com.



Beethoven 5K/15K

1/26

Thursday Yoga at CAM

12–1 p.m. Join in a soothing retreat sure to charge you up while you relax in a beautiful, comfortable setting. These sessions are ongoing and are open to beginner and experienced participants. Members: $5. Non-members: $8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South 17th Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.com.

Thursday CAM Public Tours

7:30 p.m. Explore the newest exhibits at Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South 17th Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.com.

Friday Yoga at CAM

5:30–6:30 p.m. Join in a soothing retreat sure to charge you up while you relax in a beautiful, comfortable setting. These sessions are ongoing and are open to beginner and experienced participants.Members: $5. Non-members: $8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South 17th Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.com.

Saturday Super Saturday Fun Time

3 p.m. Live theater and variety show. Tickets: $8. TheatreNOW, 19 South Tenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-3669 or www.theatrewilmington.com.

Sunday CAM Public Tours

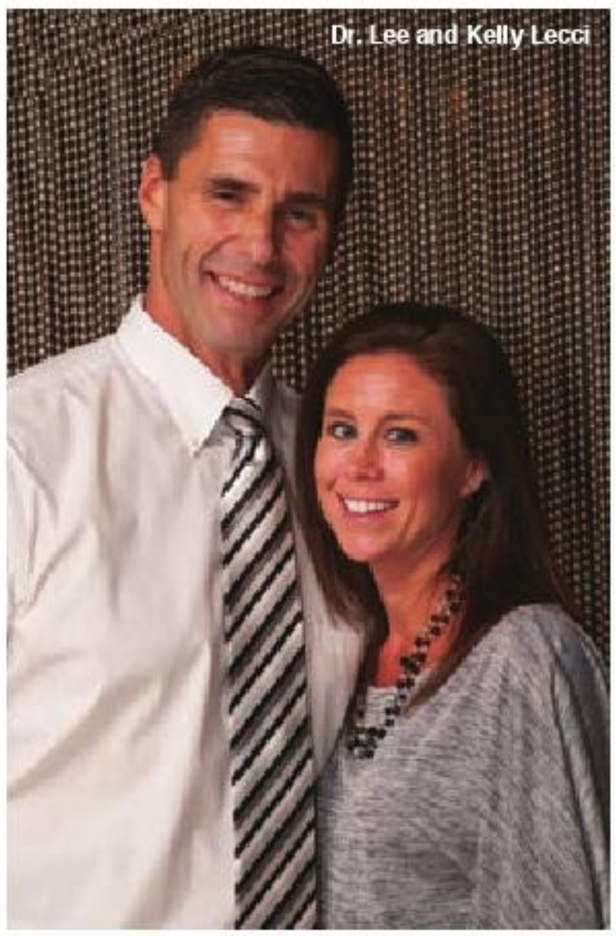
2 p.m. Explore the newest exhibits at Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South 17th Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.com.

To add a calendar event, please contact Ashley at ashley@saltmagazinenc.com. Events must be submitted the first of the month, one month prior to the event.

Port City People

2013 Alzheimer's Gala
Friday, October 25, 2013
Photographs by Bill Ritenour

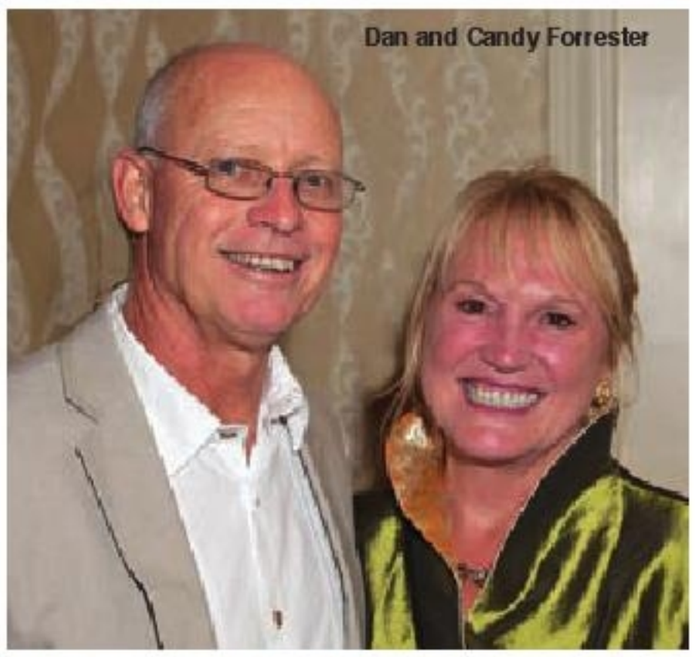
Hope Cowan, Ann LeRue, Lindsay Strickland, Tricia Lafo, Tara Blanton, Rose Potter, KJ Campbell, Jessica Robbins


Dr. Lee and Kelly Lecci

Cuthbert Davenport and Kathy Cox

Jennifer and Thomas Merritt, Jason and Kate Horney, Amanda Byrd

Lindsay Lee and Missy Combs


Dan and Candy Forrester

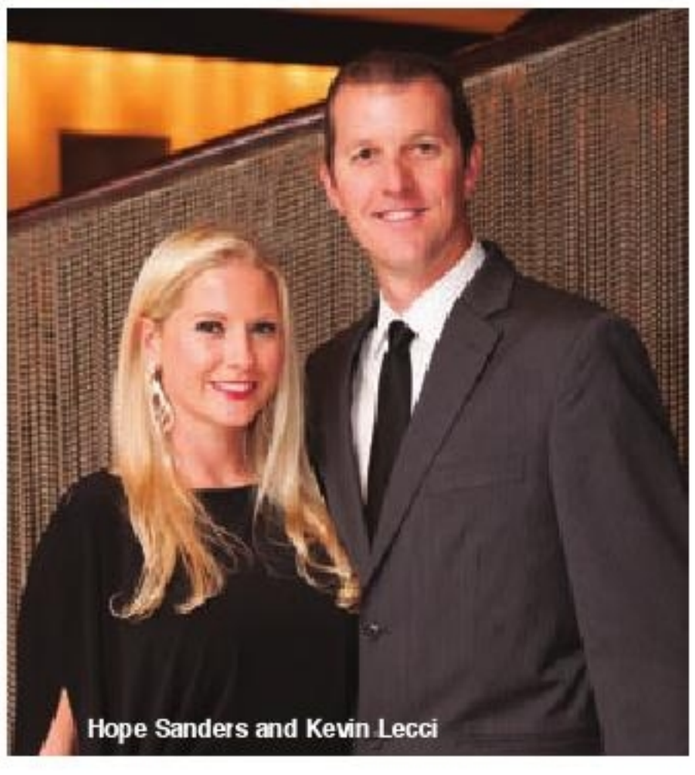
Ashley Jacobs, Tricia Lafo

Melanie Pate, Lisa Levine, Gayle Ginsberf, Dee Dee Harris, Holly Pilson

Truett and Beverly Booth, Ann and Ezell Willard

Adam Hyatt, Nicole Young, Amber Brown, Nate Garufy, Carolee Lambert

Todd Godbey and Dana Fisher

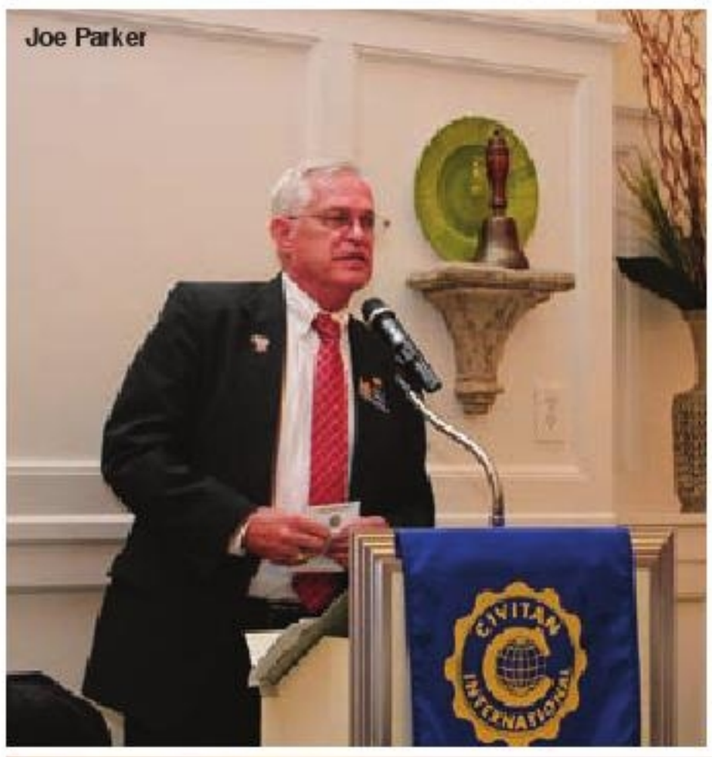

Hope Sanders and Kevin Lecci

Port City People

Civitans of Wilmington 75th Anniversary
Thursday, October 24, 2013
Photographs by Ariel Keener

Joyce and Ed Fox

Sonya Johnston, Woody and Tammie White


Joe Parker

Emilie Swearingen, Dr Earl Sheridan, Katrina Knight

Charlie Klarmann, Jeanne and Deese Thompson

Joe Parker, Mike Page, Chris Johnston, Alyne Bruce

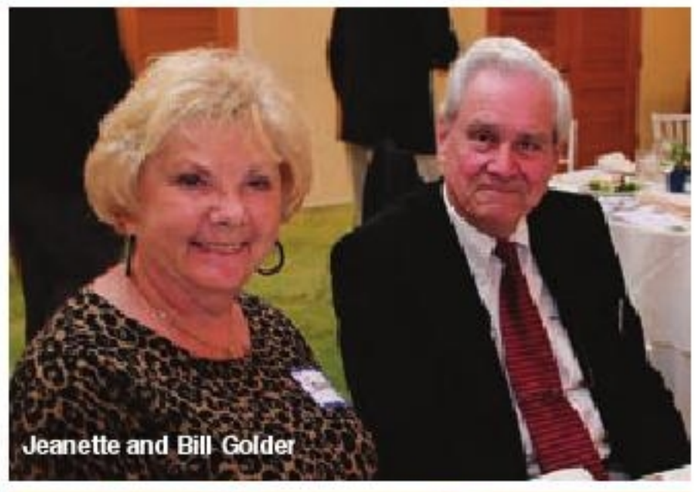
Linda Page, Tiffany Lesley, Julie Lancaster

Carlton and Connie Allegood

Cary Newman, Dickson Baldridge, Lindsay Smith

Joe Parker presenting Civitans 75th badge to Chris Johnston

Beth Pancoe and Linda Cunningham


Jeanette and Bill Golder

Scott and Diana Corbett

Port City People

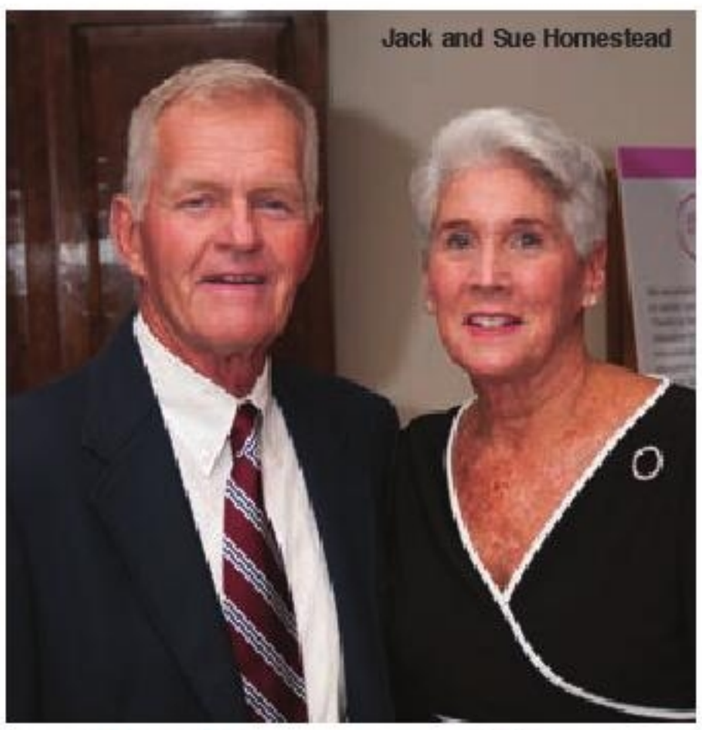
Pink Ribbon Gala

Friday, November 1, 2013

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Linwood Gainey, Mark Morgan, Desiree Morgan and Frank Potter

Bibis Ellison and Cliff Cash

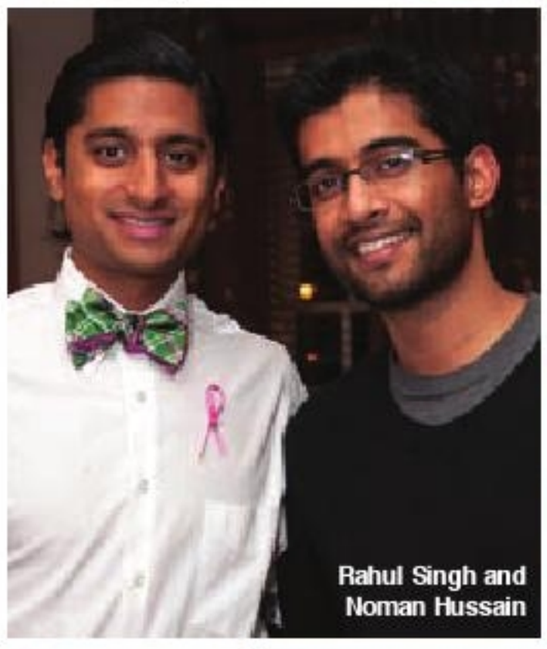

Jack and Sue Homestead

Trish Sneller, Brook Helton, Dreau Adgent, Paula Brown, Christian Spiers, Kathy McCrann

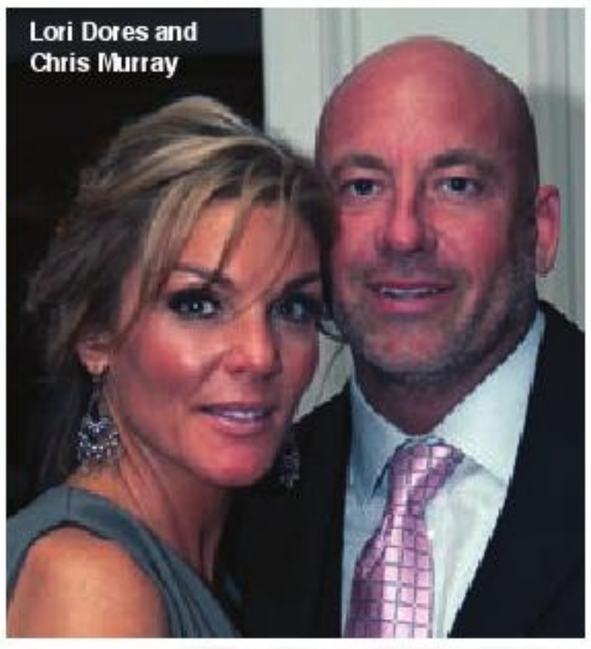
Butch and Mary Lane

Michelle and Thomas Cline

Nancy Cofill, Lyndia Wright and Nancy Andre


Rahul Singh and Noman Hussain

Sarah Louise Head and Diana Valenzuela


Lori Dores and Chris Murray

Aline Lasseter, Ronna Zimmer, Herb and Roberta Zimmer

Lars Isaackson and Lauren McKenzie

Brittany Barr and Lindsay Harkey

Port City People

Willie Stargell Sponsor Party
Friday November 8 – Sunday November 10, 2013
Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Kelly Stargell, Precious Stargell and Dawn Stargell

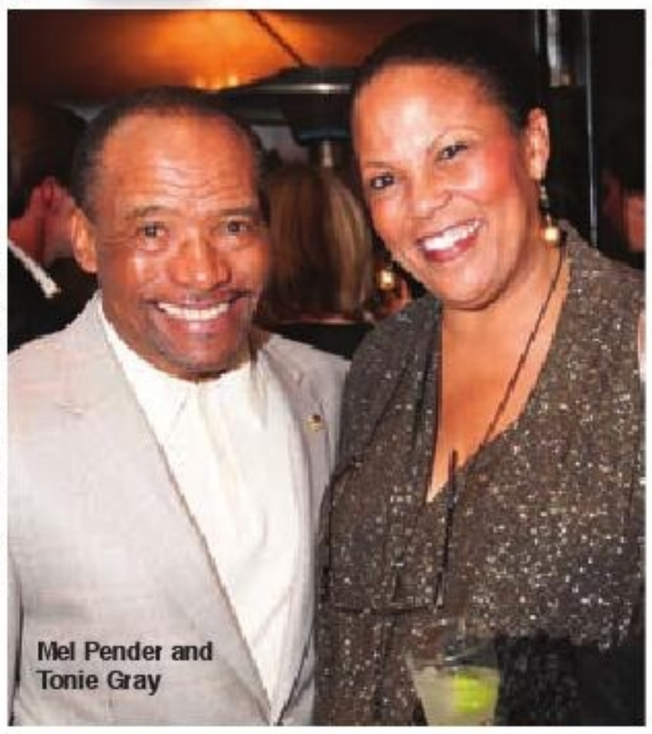
Debbie and Frank Connelly, Susan and John Hickey, Ian Sauer

Livian Jones, Susan Hickey, Rob Beale, Melisa Gallison, Emily Beale

Bill Benson and Monique Ridano

Mark Bagett and Livian Jones

Valerie and Chad Busdecker


Mel Pender and Tonie Gray

Kathy Gresham and Dr. Lucy Nieves

Jerry Royster and Dave Davis

Margaret Weller Stargell and Tom Rich

Larry (Gator) Rivers, Eddie Murray, Jean Rivers, John Candelaria

Russ Rogers, Jenie Cannon and Farah Boyce

Port City People

8th Annual Wilmington Fur Ball

Landfall Country Club

Saturday, December 7, 2013

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Jennifer Duncan, Brandon and Amy Rowlett

Jason and Carly Forman

Michael Matthews and Laurie Bianco

Bruce Umstetter and Ben Hooks

James and Madeleine Henson, Erin Springer, Eric Holin

Nancy Harting and Sherri Sacco

Matthew and Susan Lawson, Mary Hensley, Joe Klun

The Bibis Ellison Band

Brianna Montgomery, Evan Rhodes

Prissy Lineberry, Ann Macrae

Jonathan and Navelle Woods, Terri and George Alsina

Nancy and Todd Bostian

The New Year

Here's to deep fried Elvis and better sequins in 2014

By Astrid Stellanova

My New Year's resolution is to eat a deep fried Elvis – banana and peanut butter sandwich – for breakfast. Also, I resolve to buy better sequins, because I am tired of them dang things falling off on the floor like party dandruff. My third resolution is to find me a gas station that pumps gas – heard there's one over at Golden Gate shopping center. Sick of ruining my very expensive airbrushed nails filling up the tank.

Here's my advice: Make resolutions we know we can keep. I resolve to eat three Hershey's kisses every morning. To swear less. And to get my muffin top fat sucked out with that laser thingie.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

Seemed like by the time you blew the candles out on your birthday cake last year, something else was on fire. Like your hair. 2013 was that kind of year. But Venus transits your sign January 31 – March 5, which is good news. Prosperity ahead in 2014. You're an earth sign, and it's unlikely you are going to go get an ankle tattoo or do something rash with all that new cash. But the stars are going to ground you, and what you might do is get too rooted in an idea and just not know when to quit. This is a new year, and everything can work if you figure out how to keep your eyes open to a very good opportunity and not miss it.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

Write, record, draw, anything, but hit the mute button and dial back on the dialogue. I've known a lot of Aquarians and they are all good talkers . . . um, communicators. But, at least you have got lots to communicate about because this month you are going to be a good luck magnet. Between the new year and July, Jupiter transits Cancer, which is good for Aquarius. It either means you can work it faster or work it better. Just work it, Water Bug. If you ain't working, the best date to look for a job is the 15th.

Pisces (February 19-March 20)

Despite too much Pabst, Thunderbird and Mogen David on the 31st, clear the cobwebs and take heart. January 1 is a big day, Sweet Thing, and you'll feel great after a pack of Nabs and a bloody Mary, Beau's favorite breakfast. You are in the mood for love this month, and your love engine is hitting on all cylinders. The other good news is that your work life gets more traction too. Work life? Check. Love life? Double-check. You're going to feel like a water bug on a lily pad – good enough to bust and somewhere to land.

Aries (March 21-April 19)

I'm gonna bet a sausage biscuit you've been fuming because your social life ain't up to par. By the 11th, you got more going on than even you can handle, and you are living large, eating fried tenderloin with red-eye gravy. Little fire sign, the stars will align for you this month. You're in high cotton, and your professional life is about to blow wide open. Do that TV commercial; get in on that new business idea. You may have something bigger than the Salad Spinner up your sleeve. Or the Inertia Egg Beater. You can't tell what might happen next, even if you do piss a few off.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

You got Mars in your sixth house just as the new year starts, so Honey, this means the party is on. But there is also something else interesting going on in the Taurus family dynamic. January could be the month you learn about a sibling you never knew you had, or get some discombobulating DNA results. All of which means your actual family history is a mystery. Switched at the hospital? Your father is an alien? No matter, when the mystery clears, you might discover you like being a little more exotic than you ever knew.

Gemini (May 21-June 20)

Whatever you say about this sign, you won't call it dull. Here's some good news: You could sell ice to Eskimos this month. You could talk the queen into running nekkid across Balmoral during her winter vacation. You could make Beau tell the truth about how much he paid for them new rims. You got big mojo this month. But don't just work it – have some fun. Go to the Bahamas and learn to sled with that wild bunch. Learn to speak fluent dog. Buy a Ouija board and find out where Grandpa Hornblower hid the money. Then call me.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

There are a lot of attractive qualities in a Cancer. But being stingy is not one of them. Loosen them purse strings and share the wealth, 'cause you are coming into some unexpected money. A very good financial situation for 2014. Now you can pay off that boat you never use. So, buy a cup of coffee for the next person in line. Also, this year you may start seeing ghosts. I ain't quite saying you will give the Long Island Medium a run for her money, but you are definitely going to move into unexplored territory.

Leo (July 23-August 22)

The thing about Leo is, you are a people magnet, but once you attract them, you don't know exactly what to do with them. It would be nice if you liked people as much as they think you do. You got some complicated times to navigate in the love department. But you do have a very active dream life, and this month you may even dream up a scheme that can actually work. A new career is definitely on the horizon. Let's hope it ain't a Ponzi scheme.

Virgo (August 23 –September 22)

You start this year by having unexpected spiritual experiences, so keep your mind open but your mouth shut. Or your mind shut and your mouth open – either way you get a taste of something new. January 1 has the new moon in Capricorn, which is good for relationships and love, and ole Virgo could hit pay dirt on Match.com. This month will be a time of earthly delights, better than a Baby Ruth and a 7UP. It ain't half bad being you right now!

Libra (September 23-October 22)

Being thrifty pays off this month, when your investments finally hit. Financially, you are a mini-Warren Buffett, and don't let anybody mock you for bringing a baloney sandwich for lunch. You have had the good sense to tighten your belt when you needed to, and this month you see the benefit. Hey, you may drive a 20-year-old Toyota, but it's paid for, and you get the last laugh when you finally get to take the family to Disney World. Just don't make them go listen to a time-share spiel for the free admission tickets.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

Everybody knows the test for the Scorpio is to learn about vulnerability. But what everybody doesn't know, 'cause you're so good at keeping secrets, is you are never more vulnerable than when you go to a Mary Kay party. Hey, I understand the power of a good lipstick or Spanx. But that isn't really addressing things, is it? When the new moon in Capricorn brings in the new year, you got a lot going on. By the 30th, a lot of what is worrying you is resolved.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

The first part of the month – as credit-card bills roll in – may not be your best time, but you'll get your financial house in order. Just don't party so much over the holidays you forget what house is yours. The last part of the month is the better part. And relief is at hand by the 11th. Did I mention this is the month you will win new friends and develop super powers in the career arena? Well, Astrid don't lie.

For years, Astrid Stellanova owned and operated Curl Up and Dye Beauty Salon in the boondocks of North Carolina until arthritic fingers and her popular astrological readings provoked a new career path.

Novelist as Administrator

By Clyde Edgerton

It's one thing to be a novelist, working alone on a book for a few years while occasionally stopping to think about character, theme and plot. It's something else to be an administrator, say, the chair of a nonprofit board.

I'd never given "administration" much thought until last September when, after having served seven months on my first nonprofit board (the new Arts Council of Wilmington and New Hanover County), I found myself in the position of chair.

Can a novelist's job and an administrator's job have much in common?

It turns out that an administrator must *also* be concerned with character (board member personalities and motivations), theme (mission of the nonprofit) and plot (what do we do next and how do we do it?).

A major difference between the two roles? The novelist has time to revise. The administrator often does *not*. The novelist plants scenes — and moves characters — in a made-up world, not the real world. It's in the real world that an administrator must creatively look for answers and avenues.

When I was asked to be chair of the Arts Council, I called a good friend who has chaired many boards. "Any advice?" I asked. "Yes," he said. "Run." He meant: Don't do it. I didn't run, and I'm glad. The Wilmington Arts Council board, is, thank goodness, made up of dedicated pros who love the city's arts.

I now realize how easy it's always been for me as an artist to take for granted the daily creativity necessary to excel as an administrator (especially in roles far more complicated than that of nonprofit chair).

I think of my artist friends and my administrator friends. I think of the ones most successful in their roles. I see that an artist without tact and common sense can be successful as an artist. I see that an administrator without both probably *can't* be successful as an administrator.

If you're an artist who tends to give administrators little credit, find yourself the position of a nonprofit board chair. Call a meeting to order.

If you're an administrator who wonders what it's like to be an artist — then look into a mirror. Maybe you'll see one.

Clyde Edgerton is the author of ten novels, a memoir, and a new work, Papadaddy's Book for New Fathers. *He is the Thomas S. Kenan III Distinguished Professor of Creative Writing at UNCW.*

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY BLAIR

COME FIND A

Treasure

at the N.C. Junior Sorosis and N.C. Sorosis

Antique Show And Sale

Coastline Conference Center, Wilmington, N.C.

January 24, 25 and 26, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Admission $7 at the door • ***Proceeds benefit the community***

Preview Party and Sale

Thursday, January 23, 7-9 p.m., Tickets $25

Includes full weekend admission

Benefits Mother Hubbard's Cupboard

Preview Party info and tickets

at previewparty2014@yahoo.com

Wilmington Art Association

The Premier Visual Arts Organization of the Cape Fear Coast

CALL FOR ARTISTS

Jan 13 - March 3, 2014

32nd Annual Juried Spring Art Show

over $4,000 in cash awards!

Now Accepting 3D & 2D

See our website for details

Cheryl McGraw

Liz Hosier

Harriet M. Forbis

Membership is open to artists & art lovers alike.

Join Today & Support Local Art

www.wilmingtonart.org

LOOKING FOR A RESTAURANT THAT SERVES TRULY LOCAL FOOD?

Find our endorsement at participating locations **or visit us online** for a complete listing.

WWW.FEASTDOWNEAST.ORG

Cape Fear Literacy Council
AROUND THE 80 DAYS WORLD IN
2014 GALA
Sat., March 1st - 6:30 pm
at the Wilmington Convention Center
www.cfliteracy.org

PACK YOUR BAGS FOR A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS!

Join CFLC for the most anticipated party of the year! This elegant evening of globe-trotting adventure supports CFLC's mission to eradicate illiteracy in the Cape Fear area.

$125 per ticket

Reserved table of 10 $1,250

Enjoy a fabulous evening of cocktails, internationally-inspired dinner cuisine, silent and live auctions, casino-like games and live music and dancing.

Black tie or attire for a whirlwind journey preferred.

To purchase tickets or become a sponsor, visit **www.cfliteracy.org** or call **(910) 251-0911**

MEDIA SPONSORS:

Greater Wilmington Business Journal | Wilma | WWAY TV3 | Sunrise Broadcasting | Wilmington Design Company | Livin' Out Loud | Salt Magazine | Fairway Outdoor

Kickoff Party! Thursday, January 16, 2014 from 5:30 – 8:30PM

Dirty Martini, 1904 Eastwood Road in Lumina Station

Non-profit

Masterpieces Made Here

Experience a gallery where you are the artist. Where you can see, touch, and feel your home the way you want it, right now. All the latest appliances. Gorgeous sinks and faucets. Brilliant lighting. Plus, the product expertise that makes it easy to turn your vision into reality.

FERGUSON®
Bath, Kitchen & Lighting Gallery

FERGUSON.COM

Wilmington
1925 Dawson Street
(910) 343-0334

Shallotte
4640 E Coast Lane
(910) 755-5060

©2013 Ferguson Enterprises, Inc.